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Jan./Feb. 1981 The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region

Vol. IV No. 2



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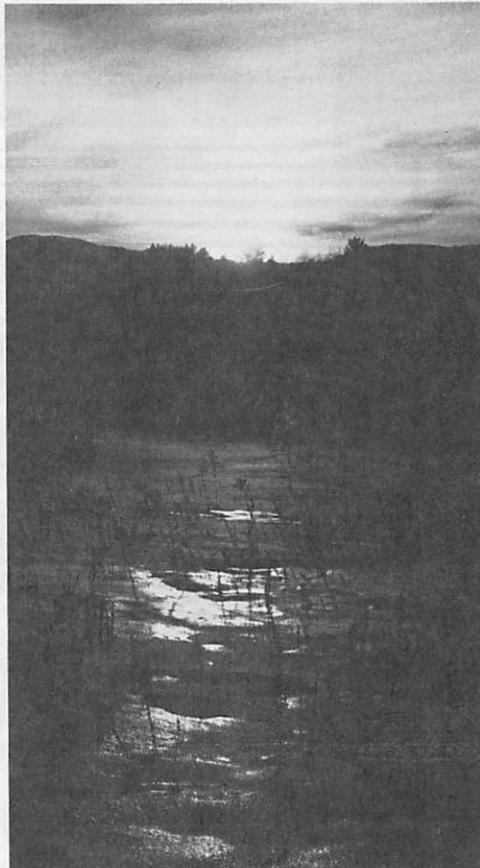
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WINTER SUNRISE

A silhouette,
Reflected crisply.
Crusts of bread fast-frozen
To the feeder; and,
As yet, not a cry
From the swollen Blue Jay.
The fields, the woods stand
Rigidly resisting sound.
There's crumpling styrofoam
In each step—
Billowing frost-filled breath
From that which would wake
In these,
The early hours.
And, like a healer promising
To mend—the sun
Peaks the hills
And rises
The winter day.

Richard B. Kent
Rumford



Linoleum Block Print
by Ethan Phillips
of Gould Academy, Bethel

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CREDITS

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BitterSweet Views

With the New Year come some changes in *BitterSweet*. You will be seeing some new kinds of stories and, with the next issue, a new size. The larger size and updated look of the magazine should make it easier and more pleasant to read. Nevertheless, we plan that your magazine will still contain most of what you like best.

This issue marks the beginning of my editorship and I'm excited about the possibilities. So I am one of the changes, and yet I am not. I have been with the magazine, in one capacity or another, since the first issue.

For those of you who have asked to know a little more about me: I am a native of this area of Maine. I presently live in Norway with my two children, Tracy, 12, and Tommy, 10. I have been a student at the University of Maine in Orono and at the University of Southern Maine as an art education major; and I have worked in the publishing/printing field since 1974.

There are several things that I am hoping for this magazine in the future—the most important of which is your support. I would like to feature writing for and about you. I

encourage you to submit your ideas, manuscripts, poems, photography, and artwork for us to view.

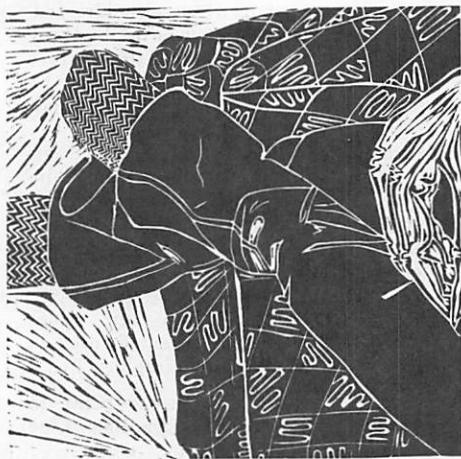
In addition to the historical perspective which our readers appreciate, it is my intention to emphasize even more the living people of our area: the lives and accomplishments of both full-time and part-time residents.

One such story came from Richard Kent, a writer and ski-coach from Rumford who has written for us before. He sent us a letter concerned with the following: "A part of Maine is dying—please excuse me if this sounds melodramatic. The sport of ski jumping in Maine is in serious trouble and indicators point toward the sport's extinction. Maine is renown for its ski jumpers both on the national and international levels. As a ski jumper, now coach, I have investigated the various reasons for the sport's demise." These reasons, as he sees them, are part of his article on page 6.

In addition we have stories about people from South Waterford to Farmington. Have a look at Norwegian recipes on page 27; heating with wood in Naples on page 31; memories of a woodsman in Sweden on page 11; and Tom Stockwell's stunning photo essay on ice formations in the natural world around Bridgton on page 24.

Then take the time to patronize our advertisers (and tell them you saw their ad in *BitterSweet*), and to write us your opinions and suggestions.

I look upon Maine as a region of infinite variety and eclectic interests. I hope to present all perspectives of it in the *BitterSweet* of the future. □



Janey Marcotte

BitterSweet

Notes:

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

About one month ago the ownership of **BitterSweet** magazine was transferred from Publishers/Editor Michael and Sandra Wilhelm to Peter Allen, Bruce Day, and David Gilpatrick. Those of you who have had contact with **BitterSweet** since its beginnings in November of 1977 will recall that Day and Gilpatrick founded the magazine and were the original publishers. A love for, and faith in, western Maine was the motivation for our initial efforts. Since we started publication, this part of the state has undergone a number of changes, good and bad, but our belief in its future has not been altered and it is with pleasure that once again we are responsible for providing this perspective to a way of life for which we have a deep affection.

As the name **BitterSweet** implies... times are never entirely rosy. Like all parts of Maine (we) must tackle some tough trade-offs involving preservation and progress... striking a delicate balance between a cherished past and a thriving future." This quote from the first issue in November of 1977 seems to reflect current needs of the magazine. Changes are necessary: a fresh look to keep pace with our changing communities, a publication schedule and advertising rates that recognize the economics of the area, and even an adjustment (down) in the newsstand price. It is, however, our intention to retain that which has made **BitterSweet** peculiar to western Maine and reinstate some of the unrealized original plans for the magazine (see **BitterSweet Views**, opposite page). Nancy Marcotte will be editor. Nancy has been associated with **BitterSweet** from the beginning and is in tune with our plans. We're delighted that she is staying with us in this new and responsible capacity.

The particulars: **BitterSweet** will be published ten times a year, March through December, with the December issue being a special Christmas/Winter double edition. The new schedule will start with the next issue which will be March 1981. Publication

dates of all issues will be the first of the month.

The March issue will be larger—an 8"x10" format. A new logotype is in the works along with plans for a change of type face. The new size will provide us an opportunity to be more creative with covers as well as allow for a 3-column interior layout. The look should be less crowded and give us additional ad sizes, affording the smallest of businesses an economical means of exposure. Although ads will be larger they will be less expensive, and special rates are available for the Christmas/Winter issue when advertising is most important. If you're interested, call our advertising manager Robert Denny at 743-2243 or 783-9729. We think you'll find Robert both reliable and competent.

The newsstand price of **BitterSweet** will be lowered to the original cost of 75¢ for the March through November issues. The special Christmas/Winter edition will be \$1.25. Subscriptions are \$8.00 per year. All existing subscribers will receive one additional issue, recognizing the change in frequency of publication. Questions concerning subscriptions should be addressed to **BitterSweet**, P. O. Box 6, Norway, Maine 04268. Gift cards in your name are mailed if you'd like to give **BitterSweet** as a gift. (Please allow at least four weeks to process your subscription order.)

Now, as in 1977, we believe the magazine can be a lively addition to local lifestyle. We hope, through quality of product, to establish **BitterSweet** as an essential reference point for a "Western Maine Perspective." Obviously, we are hoping for your continued support as we strive to improve, reflecting a bit of that which attracts newcomers to, and makes so many people stay put in, these parts. We appreciate the positive comments concerning the change in ownership and welcome your reactions and suggestions as we evolve. We look forward to times that are more pleasure than pain—more sweet than bitter. D.G. □

The Death of Ski Jumping

by Richard Kent

The sport of ski jumping in Maine is not what it used to be. As problems mount and attitudes change, the future of ski jumping in the Pine Tree State (as well as in other states) looks bleak.

Many people when asked of ski jumping think of the three or four second clip "the Agony of Defeat" used by ABC's *Wide World of Sports*. Though this piece of film cannot by any stretch of the imagination be blamed for ski jumping's downward trend, surely it had some influence. This clip may also serve as a parallel to ski jumping's past, present, and future: smooth and graceful, a slight slip, then total disaster.

The term is overused, but nonetheless appropriate. Ski jumpers are truly individuals. Some call them arrogant while others see them as introverts, but whatever people think of ski jumpers, they still remain an unique and certainly elite group in the sports world today.

There is little or no glory in skijumping on the high school level. It's certainly not a spectator sport. Jumping from a 20 or 30 meter hill and sailing 85 feet is less than spectacular when compared with jumping from a larger hill. Spectators at the high school jumping meet usually number around 20, including concerned parents, anxious coaches, judges, volunteered markers (usually teammates who must miss an alpine practice) and, of course, the competitors themselves. But, no matter the number of spectators, the small hill is a necessary stepping stone to larger jumps.

Though the small jumps are a must for the competitor, many would-be jumpers are not willing, for whatever reason, to put up with the system. They opt to participate in alpine skiing or basketball, both of which have some semblance of a crowd to recognize the athlete's efforts.

Along with the lack of recognition, a ski jumping team suffers with the continual upkeep of the jump. It takes hours of work to keep a jump in good condition—time which a smaller team sacrifices from other events, thus hurting its overall team effectiveness.

Insurance on a ski jump must also be considered a major factor—many ski clubs simply cannot afford insurance. And to allow competition without insurance is setting the scene for nothing less than bad possibilities.

The situation in the East is critical. Eastern colleges are importing Scandinavians to fill jumping squads, thereby diminishing the need for local talent from high schools. Without the need for high school jumpers to feed into college programs, there is little recruiting taking place, thus, no incentive for a youngster to work.

A ski jumper that is out of high school and not affiliated with a college team finds the Eastern Ski Association circuit a difficult task. Travel and money are two very prohibitive factors.

Eastern jumpers find competing against Scandinavian and Midwestern jumpers difficult. The training received by Scandinavians is superlative. The Midwestern jumper has very fine training facilities. Both Scandinavian and Midwestern jumpers are respected by the people to the point of being idolized. Being recognized by the general public is enticing for a youngster struggling his way up the jumping ladder.

Some elder statesmen of the jumping scene believe the kids of today are just plain lazy. It's too much work to hike to the top of a jump and the sacrifices are too great. Others reason that ski jumping has simply lost its appeal.

Whatever the reasoning, it's clear that jumping in Maine is slowly and rather



unceremoniously dying. And what's more, no one except those directly involved with the sport really seems to care.

In the spring of 1978, the Ski Committee of the State Principals' Association (the governing body of high school athletics in Maine) began an investigation into ski jumping on the secondary school level. A survey concerning the sport was sent to all high schools involved in Maine team skiing. As a result of the survey, the Ski Committee banned ski jumping in three of the four athletic classes in Maine—B, C, and D. This left only nine jumping squads on the high school level, all class A teams.

The Ski Committee's decision was considered hasty by many coaches. At the annual scheduling meeting in the fall of 1978, ski coaches were officially notified of the action to ban ski jumping. Not only had a majority of the coaches not been informed of the investigations by the SPA Ski Committee, many of the school administrators had even neglected to discuss with the ski coaches the survey which prompted the action.

Coaches agreed the action seemed too

drastic. There were no alternative plans nor thoughts for the future of the sport. The swiftness with which this process took place (approximately six months) as well as the lack of published statistics to back the move reeked of thoughtless disrespect toward the competitors, coaches and friends of the sport.

Bob Miller, President of the Maine Ski Coaches Association, felt this action "severely hurt" the future of ski jumping in the state. Miller, the head coach of the Livermore Falls High School team stated, "The elimination of jumping in classes B, C, and D hurts those teams that wish to advance into class A skiing."

"Also, those teams that leave class A and wish to return sometime in the future will find it difficult, or more likely, impossible to get back into ski jumping once the program has been eliminated."

In April of 1979, after one season of the jumping ban, the SPA Ski Committee met. Whether it was the letters that the committee received from coaches who had stores of jumping equipment wasting in their ski rooms, or just a change in attitude is

unknown, but the SPA Ski Committee made provisions for jumping to continue in classes B, C, and D.

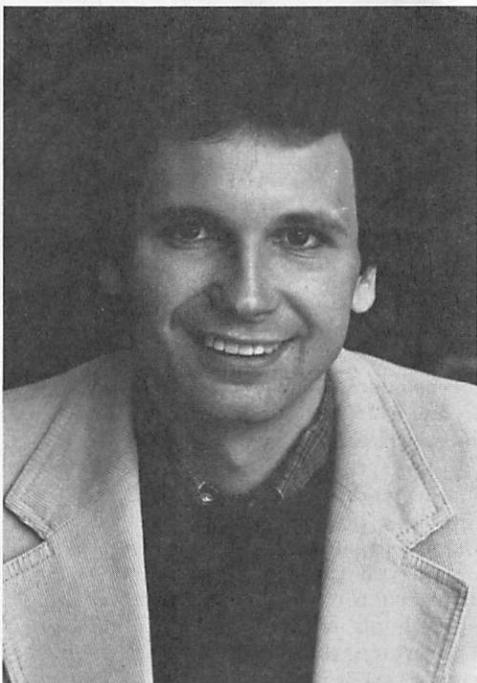
The Committee has set up a separate championship for those teams that wish to compete in ski jumping. For a one-year trial period, the State Ski Meet will consist of three events: slalom, giant slalom, and cross country. The special jumping championship will then follow. While the Ski Committee's concession is certainly a positive move for Maine ski jumping, the future may have only been extended. Indicators point toward the complete extinction of the sport in Maine.

At the time the jumping ban was imposed, no official news release was issued by the State Principals' Association. But, according to Bob Miller, the primary reasons for the action were: (1) the lack of competitors in the sport; (2) the lack of adequate facilities for many teams to practice; (3) inadequate coaching for many teams; and (4) the great injury factor, considering the inadequate facilities and poor coaching.

It could be argued that ski jumping is no more dangerous than the average sport. But that's not the issue here. The clear-cut fact is that the climate is changing. Interest in ski jumping is waning. It's tough to find qualified coaching (whatever that may be) and even tougher to find competitors. Maine, a state that has been represented on the national and international ski jumping level for years, will really lose a special thing if jumping is no longer. □

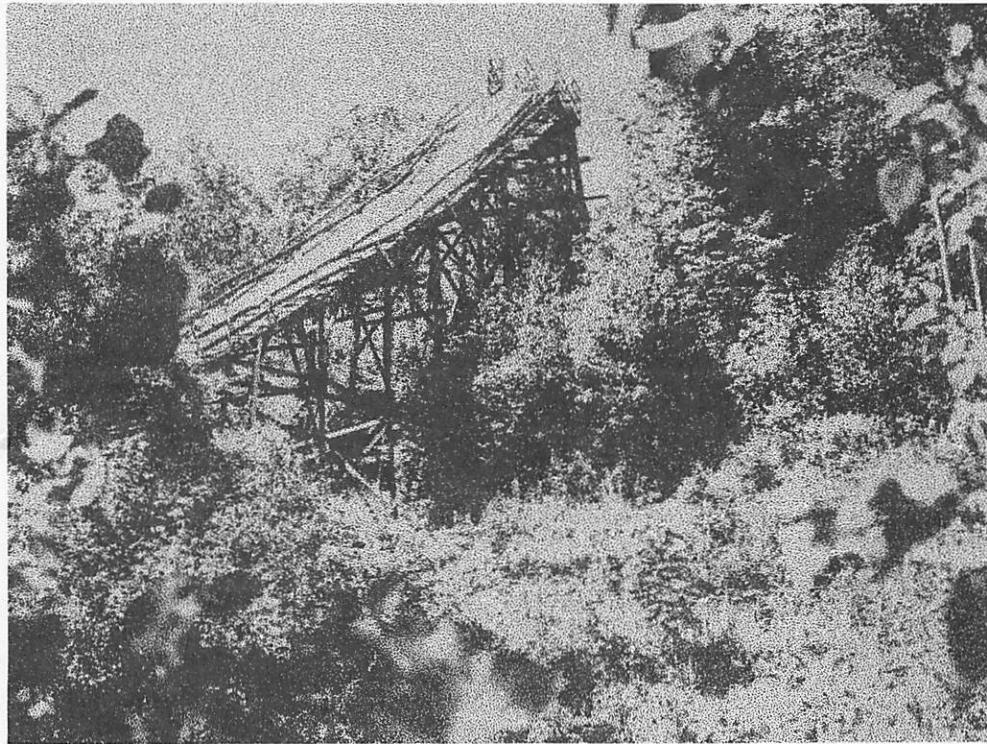
*Richard Kent, a freelance writer with a novel and a book of poetry about Weld underway, has written for **Ski Racing**, **Nordic World**, **Maine Life**, and **Yankee Runner**, among others. He is currently head coach of Rumford High School and Chisholm Junior Ski Teams as well as Director of Programs for Black Mt. of Maine.*

Richard Kent



UPDATE ON JUMPING

Since this article was written, the National Collegiate Athletic Association has dropped ski jumping as a regular competitive intercollegiate event. Though some schools will keep the sport of ski jumping as a special event, the trend is definitely negative on the high school level, according to Kent. There will soon be no colleges for the high school athlete who wishes to pursue ski jumping. At present there are only seven high school teams in Maine. Should you wish to see a high school ski meet, the next **Class A Regular Jumping Event** will be **February 14th at 10 a.m.**, hosted by **Fryeburg Academy** at Starks' Hill.



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SUMMER JUMP

It rests through the
Warmer months,
Graying in the sun.
The weathered boards
Creak as the towering monster
Sways in the summer wind.
Beneath the table a lost cake of
Paraffin melts,
The discarded flag that sent
So many into flight
Fades, and
Echoes can be heard when
Standing in the judges' box.
Through the fields below walks
A lonely flyer, tired of
Summer life.
Climbing to the top,
He reaches last winter
And dreams of the next.

Richard Kent
Rumford

Ayah

letters to the editor

VERIFICATION

In case there are skeptics among your readers who doubt the veracity of Hubert Clemens' fine article on *The Man Who Turned to Stone*, I hasten to assure them that he is no figment of an author's imagination.

Around 1910 I saw him twice. Once as they loaded him into a baggage car at Hiram Station and once as he was on display in a side show at Fryeburg Fair. It was a rather shocking experience for a six-year-old boy and I remember it well.

I really love and enjoy **BitterSweet** and not just because they are kind enough to print the mess I write. With many good wishes for your continuing success . . .

Ray Cotton
Hiram

NICK'S FRIEND

When I came upon the article written about me in the Christmas issue of **BitterSweet**, the thought went through my mind that if I have friends like this, I don't need any enemies! But whoever you are that wrote it, I thank you for the surprising tribute. I'm sure that there are many Oxford County folks who would make "better copy."

Herbert Nickerson
Bethel

A FAN

I figure the answer to Brainteaser XXIII is 341. It seems to fit all the requirements.

My parents and family enjoy your magazine. We are from East Waterford and own a camp in Welchville on Hogan Pond. My mother is Julia (Howe) Cobb from Howe Hill. We all have fond memories of Norway area and would like to retire back to that area some day.

Lester Earle Cobb
Kittery

Mr. Cobb's answer to the Brainteaser came in too late for addition to the list of winners, as did that of Reginald Brown of Raymond. —Ed.

RAILROAD ON ICE

After hearing on Channel 10 that the old Buckfield Railroad was built across Canton Lake, I began to ask questions and try to trace the source of the information. Found out it came from an article in **BitterSweet** (written by Raymond Atwood) . . .

In quoting **Buckfield History**, why didn't you quote it correctly? It stated in Chapter XXXI, page 450, that the railroad "had been fully completed to Hartford in December of that year, the towns were asked to loan their credit of \$50,000 to extend it to Canton by January 1, 1870 . . . The Company went forward with the work on construction without the help of Buckfield, and by laying ties on frozen ground and ice a train was run into Canton at the specified times, but when the frost of spring had disappeared, trains could not be run over this improvised track."

Look at your topographic map—this area is over a bog (peat) and there are at least two bridges between Hartford and Canton. The tracks were NOT built on the lake at all.

Also in the same article you stated that the CCC boys built the road to Oquossoc on the old railroad in 1929. How could they? (1) The railroad didn't go out until 1936; (2) It wasn't until after 1930 that the CCC was set up. When you write local history please get your facts straight or call it fiction.

Sarah Spencer
Rumford

THE GRANDFATHER CANE

I wonder if you would care to use the enclosed . . . Wellington H. Eastman was my father and he passed away in 1933. I do not know any other place where the custom is used, but of course there could be other places.

On July 6, 1922, James Hersey Merrill was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lester Merrill. (Mrs. Merrill, later Mrs. Edward Trask, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Eastman of East Sumner.) Sharon Robinson (Raymond Keene's grandfather) presented Mr. Eastman with the cane because he was a grandfather for the first time. He was to hold the cane until he could pass it on to someone in town who was a grandfather for the first time. Elroy Russell was the next to hold it. Next it went to C. A. (Gus) Bonney, Denis Parlin, James B. Cobb, George Spaulding, and then to Preston Charles. Mr.

Page 14 . . .

Recollections

Every once in a while this writer gets a chance to sit down and listen to one of his neighbors in Sweden reminisce about the "old days." One day recently he made notes on the

Memories Of A Chopper

by Jerry Genesio

"I was helping a fellow hay one day when my brother came by and said, 'I just hired on with a guy from New Hampshire.' So I said, 'I guess I will too!'"

That was sixty years ago in the summer of 1921. Gerald Hugh Bishop was seventeen and itching to shake the hay chaff out of his hair and follow the next wind current whichever way it was going. It just happened to be going southwest.

World War I had ended only two years earlier. The boys had come home and those who still claimed possession of four whole limbs and lungs that hadn't been gassed too badly had flooded the post-war labor market. Of course, a man could usually find work in the woods if he knew how to handle an axe or a crosscut saw, as Gerry Bishop did. But \$1.00 a day could hardly be called pay for a man with a family, much less for a boy afflicted with wanderlust.

"Could make a lot more money trapping," Gerry said, "I worked in the woods one whole winter for Dan Chase and Sam Dale. Got paid a dollar a day. Then, in the spring, I went trapping and made \$80.00 in two weeks—more than Chase and Dale paid me all winter."

Gerry's eyes narrowed and he left the room. Oh, his body was still sitting right there, all right, but his spirit had wandered far away. A touch of the old affliction, perhaps. After a while he scratched the stubble on his pointed chin and laughed a little, like a man does when a lost love is rekindled to warm an almost forgotten corner of his heart.

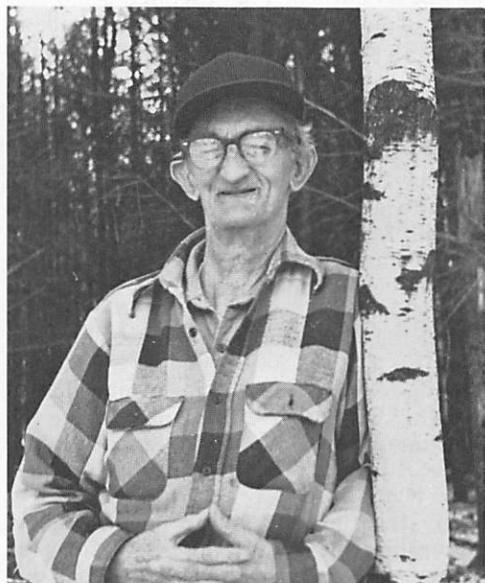
"Muskrat and mink," he recalled. "Left over a hundred good traps, a good rifle, and a damn good pair of snowshoes there; never heard tell of them since."

But Gerry was good with an axe and they'd come looking for axemen. The job in the New Hampshire woods paid \$2.50 a day plus board, more than enough to make Gerry start packing. He didn't realize at the time how that simple decision would cast a die that would influence the rest of his life.

"I was born in Gaspereau Forks, where the Gaspereau and Salmon Rivers meet, in south-central New Brunswick Province, Canada. My father was a blacksmith; had nine children; I was number six. We had a nice home with a picket fence."

He laughed again. In his imagination he was standing in the front yard of that home, not as it is today, but as it was then.

"Gramp" Gerry Bishop



"Bears were thicker than hell back then. I can see this bear, a great big fella, he came chargin' in, knocking a big hole in the fence. We climbed up on the woodpile, but 'course the bear was as scared of us as we were of him and he just turned around and made another big hole in the fence going out.

"You ought to have seen the salmon! I've seen men come down the road with a hand in a salmon's gill and that salmon's tail would be

fill the Chinaman who owned the place presented us with a bill for \$60. Problem was, we only had Canadian money and this Chinaman wouldn't have anything to do with it. We had a hell of a time, and the Chinaman finally called the police. Well, the cop told him the money was okay, but we still had to pay him ten cents more on the dollar before he agreed to take it.

"We finally ended up on Mount Whiteface,

. . . My boss started throwing logs down into the stream beside me.
I told him to stop but he just kept on heaving them and laughing.
We wore calk-boots on the rivers. They had points on the soles
so you wouldn't slip off the logs. That's the only time I ever
left calk-marks on a man, and he fired me.

dragging on the ground. There wasn't any law on deer then either. We used to corn the meat to preserve it." Gerry sighed and was quiet a while. Things have changed.

"My father got a job on a shingling machine once. Lost his finger first day on the job. During World War I they took him in the Army but he never got very far from home. There's a bridge on the Salmon River down in Chipman, a few miles from Gaspereau Forks. It was built in 1910, 125 feet high and a half-mile long. My father stood guard duty on that bridge during the war."

Gerry stirred his coffee and sipped a little. His dog was lying on the rug beside his chair and he let one arm fall to scratch behind his faithful old friend's ear. As if he were talking to the dog and the dog was listening, Gerry went on.

"Indians used to come through town from Fredericton and take the 65-mile trail up the river. I like Indians. Had a good friend named Charlie Harlow once. He was a full-blooded Indian and a hell of a trapper. Part Malecite, myself! My great-grandfather ran a Hudson Bay post on the Salmon River when he first came over from Scotland. He married a Malecite."

But for all Gaspereau Forks was or could have been, it was not enough to hold Gerry Bishop for long. He and his brother left in 1921 with 24 other Canadians, all from the Maritime Provinces and signed on with the Beebe River Lumber Company, Beebe River, New Hampshire.

"By the time we got to northern New Hampshire we were hungry. All 26 of us found a restaurant and when we'd had our

21 miles up from the nearest village. They had 75 horses up there and every one of them was blind. They'd had some kind of disease but they sure worked well in the mountains. First thing we got was a fever that lasted three weeks and we liked to have died, the whole bunch of us. The other fellas weren't bothered by it, just those of us from the Provinces. They said it was the water.

"I learned to hang on to my contract after that job. They hired me as a chopper, but when they asked for my contract I gave it to them. Then they put me to work as a swamper (a general helper. —Ed.) at swamper's wages. Always held on to my contract after that. I worked laying railroad track in the Lincoln Valley for three months at about that time, too. Put down nearly three miles of track."

Gerry has felled a lot of trees in Maine and New Hampshire from Beebe River to the Little Magalloway—at Dead River, Lake Moxie, Moosehead, Parmachenee, Jackman, Greenville, Bald Mountain, Brassua Lake, and a lot of places just not worth mentioning. He had vivid memories of them all, some pleasant, some surly. Most of the lumber camps were pretty much the same, only the place and the faces changed.

"There was a dingle, a hovel, a company office, a cookshack, a filer's camp, a messhouse, and a bunkhouse. The dingle was the cook's storage shed and the hovel was where the horses were kept. They always built the hovel first; thought more of the horses than the men. The office also served as the company store and the filer's camp was where the tools were kept. If you

lost one of your tools you paid for it. I remember one guy from California, a real greenhorn. The walking boss came by one day and said to him, 'You got a cant-dog?' He said, 'Sure, I got one.' Later on he came over to me and asked, 'What the hell's a cant-dog?' I said, 'One of these.' 'Hell,' that greenhorn said, 'I ain't got one of those.' Well, maybe he didn't have one, but he sure paid for one."

Gerry hopped enthusiastically from one anecdote to another: "There were three or four long tables in the mess house with plank seats and the food was some kind of good! Roasts, beanhole beans, pies, hot biscuits . . . we worked hard but we ate like kings . . . and we slept on bough beds made from fir branches. If you ever have a cold, you sleep in a bough bed, it'll clear your nose right up.

"We used to put tar on the backs of our necks to keep the black flies off; then it took weeks for that tar to wear off . . . If you're ever in a bunkhouse with 125 men after a rainy day when the stove's covered with wet, steaming socks, that's when you want to be sleeping in a bottom bunk . . . The privy was a log set over a brook with a cover over it.

"We worked six days a week. Good choppers got \$3.00 a day. Cord-cutters were on piece work.

"I remember once at Brassua Lake a bunch of us went down to Jackman. It was during Prohibition but somebody found out where a quart of wine could be bought for \$8.00. This fella in Jackman kept it buried under the sand in his cellar floor. Well, when he finally believed we were woodsmen, he took us down cellar, sold us the wine, then took us back up another way, through another house, and out his neighbor's back door. At midnight we got train tickets back to Tarrantine but we fell asleep and the train went right through to Somerset Junction. It was snowing and we wound up walking all night back to camp. What a sad looking bunch we were that morning.

"Another time a bunch of us quit a job and got caught in a snow squall crossing Moosehead Lake on the ice. You couldn't see three feet. We missed the last train to Greenville and had to walk 17 miles along the railroad tracks that night. Those companies would do just about anything to get you to those camps, but if you left they wouldn't have anything to do with you. You were on your own.

"I've only been fired from one job. I was clearing some logs out that got stuck in the

bank below the gate so there wouldn't be a jam when the gate opened, and my boss started throwing logs down into the stream beside me. I told him to stop but he just kept on heaving them and laughing about it. We wore calk-boots on the rivers. They had points on the soles so you wouldn't slip off the logs. That's the only time I ever left calk-marks on a man, and he fired me.

"I never saw man die in the woods, but there's 27 graves along the Seboomook.

"I've worked with a lot of Swedes, Russians, and Polish woodsmen. The Polish didn't like the Russians any more than they do now. Of course, they couldn't fight in camp or they'd have been fired, but when they'd get down into one of the villages all those cooped-up feelings would explode and they'd really get on with it."

In 1927 Gerry met Betty Ridlon in Harrison, Maine. "I was travelling all over hell's half-acre then and planning to work my way back up to Greenville, hop a freight, and head out west to one of the huge grain fields," where he'd been told there was more work than there were men to do it. But, "Betty's curly hair and big, beautiful brown eyes" weren't that easy to walk away from. They were married and settled in Sweden, Maine where they raised three children through some pretty rough times. For all that they didn't have however, Gerry can count several more things that they did have. Invariably they are things that no amount of money could have bought: deer and gamebirds in the woods of Sweden; plenty of firewood to warm a happy home; their three children, Larry, Gerry, Jr., and Joyce; eight grandchildren; and for 45 years, each other. Betty died on May 27, 1972.

Gerry still lives in Sweden and has six great-grandchildren now, as well as countless quasi-adopted grandchildren who affectionately call him Gramp. He has been Gramp Bishop to so many for so long that some don't know his given name. But most have heard his stories if they've taken the time to listen—stories of a time gone by, of people who live in memories, of names that have changed and of places that will never be the same. Of logging camps and river drives; of crosscuts, calk-boots, cant-dogs, dingles, and hovels. Of men and the northeast woods in the twenties. □

Genesio is a free-lance writer living in Sweden, Maine with his family.

Charles moved away and left the cane as it was to stay in the town of Sumner.

For a while it did not do any traveling. Then in 1936 it started again with Olpha N. Varney. It should have gone to Stevens M. Abbott but before we could get it to him Virgil Barrett was a grandfather for the first time. It has passed to a great many others, including Lester W. Merrill (the father of the baby the cane started with). In 1972 it went to Vernon W. Bradeen to hold until he can pass it on to a new grandfather. It has never been in the west part of town—just up under Black Mountain and up on Sumner Hill.

Augusta Eastman
Buckfield

This article was sent by Mrs. Eastman, who has the entire list of names from 1922 to the present. She wrote it in 1978 and we'd be interested to know if there has been another first-time grandfather since then.

—Ed.

THE HAYRAKE

Snowbound—
Laced with yesterday's harvest;
The curved teeth, like a
Mammoth skeleton, rest
In the fenced field.
Winter birds like gargoyles
Tiptoe the corroded spokes,
The snow, quite like the
Desert sands,
Drifts pockets around
Each wheel—and,
For the city folk:
It sold them
The farm.

Richard B. Kent
Rumford



Readers' Room

The Tale of a Mouse

by T. Jewell Collins

Whoever said "quiet as a mouse" never shared quarters with one. No sooner does nocturnal stillness descend than Mouse sallies forth. Does he tiptoe around so as not to disturb anyone? Not on your life! He gnaws, scratches, rustles papers, wrestles pecans, and in general causes such a ruckus that when he is silent, you wonder what he's up to.

We have been sharing quarters with a mouse all winter, so I speak with a modicum of authority on the subject. Now, in case you think your basement doesn't contain anything edible in its dark, dank precincts, let me enlighten you.

Mouse's gnawing on my colored ears of corn used for a fall door decoration was what awakened me to his presence in the first place. Methodically, he stripped each ear. Up and down the rows of kernels he chomped. This was too much for the children.

They placed the remaining ears on a sheet of newspaper with a dusting of flour sprinkled about it. The next morning, the flour was laced with mouse tracks, and the second ear was almost completely harvested. Where it had disappeared to was more than we could fathom. The flour tracks petered out a few inches from the newspaper. The extent of Mouse's wanderings were revealed when Son brought in a pair of his boots from the barn filled with colored corn!

Had Mouse exhausted the food possibilities with the cleaning of the ears of corn? Not on your life! His next find was my pine-cone-and-nut wreath, which he attacked with vigor. He chewed holes in the acorns and pulled the petals off the pine cones. Other evidences of a growing mouse's food supply came to light when we found our homemade salt-and-flour dough Christmas decorations partially gnawed away.

The bag of pecans we received as a Christmas gift and inadvertently left in the family room proved to be the noisiest fare of all. Bang! Bang! Bang! At intervals we heard

Mouse push the pecans off the chest onto the tile floor, then roll them past shoes, legs of chairs, and other obstacles into a safe mouse hiding place—the game closet!

"We'll get him this time," said Head Householder, reaching for his flashlight and heading for the family room. "The next time he ducks into the bag, we'll grab it by the neck and we'll have him." Our goal was to catch Mouse alive and find another home for him; obviously our attempts were half-hearted at best. Head Householder neglected to take into consideration Mouse's tactics. It's all noise and fun when no one is around, but silence at the sound of approaching footsteps. Mouse foiled us again.

Then came the day when he overstepped his bounds. Expanding his horizons in search of more exotic food, he found his way to the kitchen. I knew he was upstairs because a bowl of peanuts disappeared overnight with nary a trace of shells to betray juvenile pilferers. "This mouse as got to go," said I, Keeper of the Kitchen. "He has carried his peregrinations one floor too far. Head Householder, tender-hearted guy that he is, didn't want to face the full implications of that statement.

"Maybe he'll go back downstairs," he said hopefully. "That's probably where he hid the peanuts."

But Mouse had not hidden the peanuts downstairs, and he had no intention of deserting this newfound area of gourmet delight. Two days later, while I was cleaning the surface burners of the stove, I found the peanuts neatly stashed away between the top of the stove and the oven!

"Head Householder," I called in my sweetest voice. "Keeper of the Kitchen can be Mouse or me, but not both."

And thereon hangs the tale of a mouse! □

Mrs. Collins, a frequent contributor to our pages, is a summer resident of North Waterford and a winter resident of Hamden, Connecticut.

DETERMINATION

The cliff towers straight and steep . . .
Forbidding, challenging
A few small toe or finger holds
Are all that mar its smoothness.
Years ago a tiny seed,
finding one such crevice,
put forth roots and grew.
Now, silhouetted against the sky
And apparently born of solid rock,
A pine tree juts aloft,
defying wind and weather.

Otta Louise Chase
Sweden



Alan Chase

In Celebration Of A Life

by Otta Louise Chase

In the summer of 1980 Alan Chase, 23, of South Waterford made plans with three mountain climbing companions for an assault of Mt. McKinley in Alaska. But it was a time of unusual volcanic, earthquake and avalanche activity and by August the climbers were given up as lost. Alan's grandmother and friends recall his life.

On Sunday, October 5th, 1980, a reception in loving memory of Alan E. Chase was held in the Wilkins Community House in Waterford, Maine. At one side of the hall, long tables were spread with many delicacies made by the caring hands of friends and neighbors. At the front of the room on the stage, a collage of snapshots and photos of Alan from infancy to this past June were mounted on a huge board. To one side of this lay some of Alan's father Donald's climbing gear, since Alan's were lost when he and three young Canadians never returned from their climbing expedition on the Cassini Ridge of Mt. McKinley in Alaska. The hall was crowded with Alan's friends, neighbors and relatives who reminisced and spoke with admiration and respect about him.

At seven o'clock the assembly repaired to the Waterford Congregational Church next

door. In the foyer the first thing that caught the eye was an immense mural painted by Donna, Alan's sister. The painting was from one of his favorite snapshots taken while climbing in Yosemite, California—a single tree growing out of the side of a perpendicular cliff. The same photo had inspired his grandmother to write a poem, which Donna had printed on a card and placed beneath the mural (see above).

The church was crowded when Mr. Smith, the minister, opened with a prayer and two letters of condolence from Alan's aunt and wife of one of the Canadians who perished with him. A beautiful account of Alan's life, written in very moving language by his father, was also read by Mr. Smith. Todd Cummings, one of Alan's younger

Hank Burns, teacher, columnist, and friend of Alan's wrote a particularly special tribute to Alan Chase in the Portland Sunday Telegram.

THE FULL LIFE

... The headline—"Maine man given up for dead"—in the morning paper was brutal and stark and it shook this small village in the foothills of the White Mountains. Alan Chase and three other climbers attempted a summer assault on Mt. McKinley and they were due back August 1. This week park service officials gave up the search and said "We feel that if someone was alive, we would have seen them by now."

Now you have to understand that headlines are neat, clean, and final. And you have to know that official statements never reflect the terrible agony of the situation. And that is what makes this such a sad story, as Don and Marion Chase try to make sense out of this, the cruelest of blows.

One villager said, as maybe a few others thought: How could anyone take such a risk and climb a mountain known for its cruel storms and capricious avalanches? Marion considers the question quietly and says, "People should know that we didn't bring up our children to play it safe. We brought them up to live life to its fullest."

And this is not to say that Alan simply woke up one morning and on a whim decided to conquer Mt. McKinley. The Chases and Alan's friends know that Alan was ready for the expedition. Alan was an outstanding gymnast at Oxford Hills High School. Coach Paul Ball calls him "one of the finest athletes I have ever coached" ... After high school in the years prior to the McKinley climb, Alan had scaled Mt. Washington, climbed in the Sierra Nevadas, and performed a solo assault on 12,000-ft. Mt. Robson in British Columbia . . . Paul Ball recalls meeting Alan's climbing companions, all veteran climbers; and what impressed Ball was the respect accorded Alan from the more experienced climbers ..."They told me if something difficult had to be done, Alan could get it done."

And that's the way Marion and Don Chase raised their children. Live life to its fullest and get things done. Don Chase was an amateur boxer . . . , hunts with a bow and arrow, plays hockey and touch football, and at 50 is more active than most 20-year-olds. Don had recently been converted to mountain climbing by son Alan. One cold windy winter night we sat around the wood stove and Don spoke with delight about his climbs with Alan. It was father and son in the moonlit night on the glaciers of Mt. Washington. Don was very proud of that son. He said that his son had taught him all the safety precautions that make mountain climbing a reasonable sport. And that is what makes this so hard to take for the Chases. The boy knew what he was doing.

Marion Chase . . . believes in preparation and endeavor. Marion is that way herself. She hunts and she's the one in the house who uses the 30-30. She rides and keeps horses and she has taught all three daughters to ride. Marion Chase has many talents—she is a professional photographer and a skilled worker at macrame. Marion Chase does not snap a shutter or pull a trigger without careful deliberation and planning. That's the way she is and that's the way she raised her children.

The family knows that Alan was ready for the ascent but they may never know what sequence of events conspired against this young athlete, who learned from his parents the delight of living the full life. Not knowing is the most painful cut of all... A team of Alan's climbing friends flew to Alaska and confirmed that everything had been done and that weather conditions and earthquakes made survival out of the question... But the Chases will survive because they know that the quality of life is not measured simply by the number of years one lives. The quality of life has something to do with the kind of life one leads, the willingness to take risks and lead the full life. That's the way Don and Marion are and that's the way they raised their children. □

friends, sang an a cappella solo and read a poem. In the choir loft, Alan's sister Debra, her husband Mark Peters, Todd Cummings and his father Ed, and Patty Carney (a special girl friend from New Hampshire) sang a beautiful song especially composed for the evening by Alan's father, Donald, who accompanied them on his guitar.

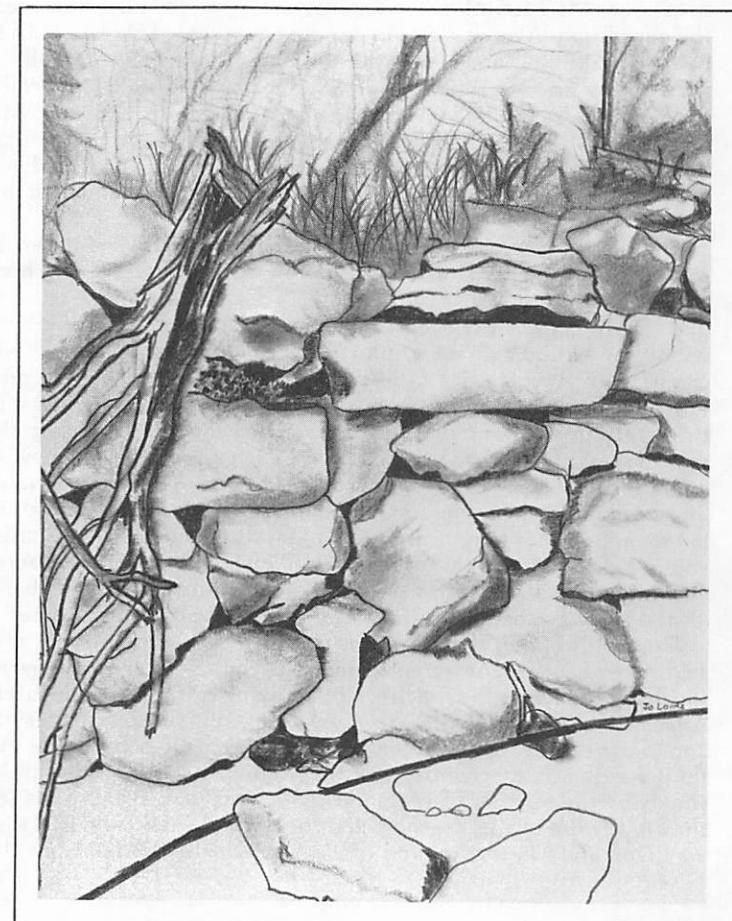
A screen and projector had been set up to show many mountain-climbing slides with Alan in most of them. One of four devoted friends who flew all the way from California to honor Alan, Vic Clemente did the narration—bringing a feeling of comradeship into the explanation of each slide. There was awe at the daring of these climbers, admiration at their dexterity and competence, as well as laughter from time to time, as when Alan was shown at least twice

looking off into the distance with binoculars—looking for other mountains to climb, Vic said. Alan's mother, Marion, read appropriate quotations for other slides; the final shot was Alan triumphantly alone on a mountain top.

Patty Carney's father, at the request of the family, read the especially poignant letter he had sent on hearing of the tragedy. His feelings were patently visible as he finished reading. The entire evening was successfully planned by Alan's parents to be a memorial not in the least funereal but an evening that Alan himself would have enjoyed—a true and loving celebration of those twenty-three years we were privileged to have him with us.

May God grant Alan many celestial mountains to conquer. □

Drawing by
Jo Ellen Lantz,
a junior high student
from South Paris



Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

STAR FLIGHT

Armstrong found himself surrounded by the pristine sterility of stainless steel. From somewhere within this chamber electronic circuitry hummed steadily. Armstrong's eyes scanned the digital read-outs: the chronometer read 0540, temperature 37.3 degrees Centigrade, pulse interval 853 milliseconds. His eyes roamed from the red and gold diodes to the tracings of the oscilloscopes, and rested upon the tangle of tubing and wiring leading to and from the computer which controlled the various life-support systems. These systems seemed to be functioning well. He checked the various parameters and found that all was in order. Technicians noiselessly scurried in and out, with barely a glance at him, and he felt as though he might be some all-powerful God to be served with supreme deference.

He marvelled at the technological achievement of this moment. It all seemed to be focused upon him, and yet he realized that the technology was in itself an end—provided jobs, furthered research, and would ultimately be improved upon for other anticipated flights. And he marvelled, too, at this moment. About to begin the greatest flight of his life, he found himself insulated from the frantic preparation, separated by a vagueness and a distance that he couldn't quite overcome. He wondered whether, when others had made similar trips, they had researched their destinations; or did they feel as unprepared, as much on the edge of an abyss, as he did at this time? He realized now that it was too late for any further preparation. His feelings of expectation were tinged with some regret. He really would have preferred to feel more ready.

Would he be aware of the journey itself? Would he sense the time change, and the transition of matter to antimatter, or would

he simply find himself there? He couldn't answer that, and no one could tell him. Not all the computers in the galaxy jammed with all the microchips in the universe could plot this course for him.

One of the technicians smiled at him, nodded, said something. He was focused, however, on other things, and was only dimly aware of her; she, and all the surrounding instruments were quite peripheral. His anticipation consumed him. He was about to leave. Some had said he was too young to make the trip. He was both waiting for the launch and yet wishing for more time to make ready.

His attention drifted. He wondered if he had been premedicated for the lift-off. He couldn't recall if pre-flight drugs had been a part of the protocol. He became aware of the hemispheric dichotomy that was his brain. His left half marvelled at the irony of his day-dreaming right cortex. He was amazed that with the BIG DAY here at last, and with all of this circuitry and electronic synchrony, he could find himself wandering amid memories of other years.

He recalled a hot summer day of long ago. He could feel the warmth of the orchard, dappled sunlight under the trees. He was there! There were no budgets, no fiscal responsibilities, no computer printouts, no cares at all. He felt only the juvenile anxiety that the Chief of Police (or some stealthy archbishop) would soon sweep down and catch them all smoking cornsilk. The apple blossoms faded and dissolved, to be replaced by the crepe of the Senior Prom. The in-crowd, he most securely among them, headed for someone's house to celebrate adulthood with Camels, Luckies, and beer. Two more decades drifted by.

"Launch time is approaching!" his left hemis cortex screamed, but Armstrong

dreamed on. How ironic, he thought, that with the impending flight and the uncharted territory ahead, he should now be recalling the vignettes of yesterday, and how odd that these memories all seemed to focus upon the cigarette. Now he was squinting against its acrid smoke as he lined up a billiard shot. Here he was savoring the first drag of the morning. There, at a fine restaurant, he delighted in the taste of tobacco with coffee and dessert. There, he inhaled a pack when the first baby arrived. At the board meetings, the secretaries made certain his ashtray was available.

Another technician entered, interrupting his reverie, looking quite stern and grave. Armstrong was about to inquire about launch time. Then he decided to submit passively and simply let events happen. The technician left quickly. Discrete memories were replaced by waves of primitive

emotion. Each surge, unrelated to events, was replaced quickly by another. First came Sorrow, ponderous and slow, with head bowed. Next Joy skipped in, light and ephemeral. Then came nagging Regret, followed by Anger, gesturing wildly. Courage, Fear, Elation, and Despair—each had his turn. Armstrong, spectator to this kaleidoscope, became aware that he was leaving. His journey had begun.

The chronometer ticked to 0541. Armstrong, at age fifty-four, died . . .

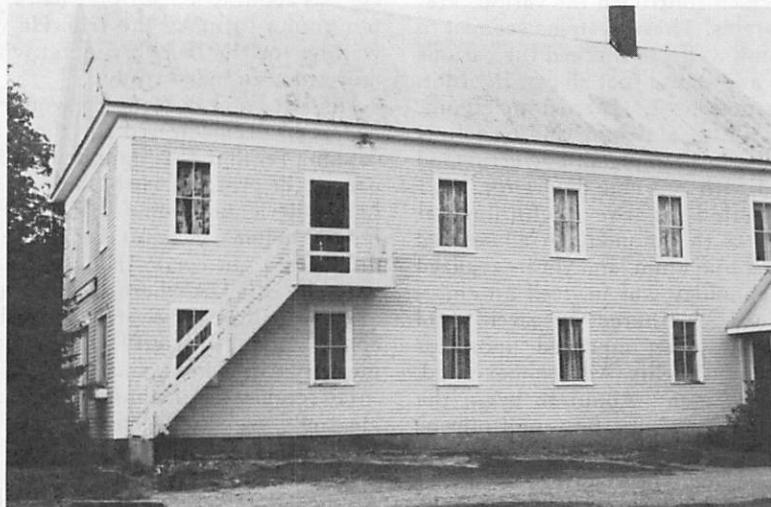
. . . Bernie, ever brash, slammed the back door of the hearse and, as always at times like this, made a stab at levity.

"Well, Harry, another smoker bit the dust. When you going to quit, Harry? Ha, ha, ha."

□

Dr. Lacombe is a member of Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group, Norway.

Can You Place It?



December's Can You Place It? was the Harrison station of the Bridgton and Saco River Railroad—a narrow gauge track which once ran from Bridgton to Harrison. Those identifying it were Mrs. Georgia Chute of South Paris; Mrs. Celia Ballard of Fryeburg; Richard Durnin of New Brunswick, N.J.; and Clifford Chapman of North Windham, who wrote: "Shown is the station house with roof over platform, then the freight shed where box cars were unloaded (to the right is a small house with two windows where the hand car was housed), then the coal shed. The one with open end was the roundhouse where the engine was put to be oiled, repaired, and readied for the next run. In front of the roundhouse is a device called a turntable where (the tracks being the end of the line) the engine had to be turned around." Please send your identification of this month's mystery location to P. O. Box 6, Norway, ME 04268.



Nearby, free, and highly recommended if you're

Heading Out

Until 1965 when it received official status, the Maine State Museum was itself an artifact, occasionally dusted off and given prominence by an interested administration and then once again relegated to the storage rooms of the capitol building.

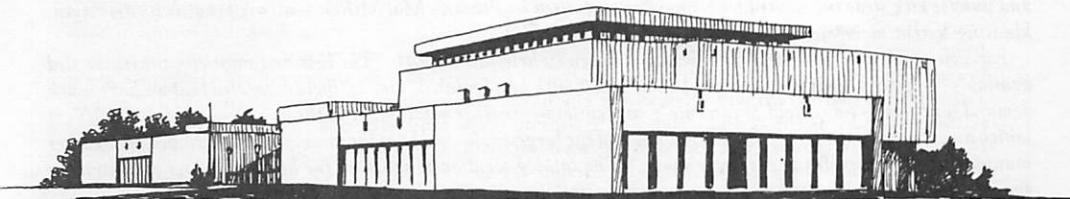
The origin of the museum was mainly collections of geological specimens assembled during the late 1800's. The Department of Fish and Wildlife was responsible for its upkeep during many of the early years. Four diaramas from this era may still be viewed on the first floor of the State House. These scenes depict the flora and fauna of Maine in natural settings and were the handiwork of Klier Beck, an associate of Walt Disney and sometimes-forgotten Maine artist who lived in the Mount Vernon area.

Thanks to the legislative action of 1965, the museum now shares a contemporary

granite and preformed concrete building with the Maine State Library and Archives. This barrier-free structure, designed by New York architect Walker O. Cain, is located on the grounds of the State House in Augusta and has been occupied since 1971.

The museum, library and archives are resources that many Mainers are unaware exist, and visitors of all ages should find plenty of interest to while away several hours.

Most exhibits draw on history or heritage peculiar to Maine as a foundation and use artifacts from other areas to complement the displays. I found a permanent exhibit, *Producing & Exchanging*, fascinating. Creative displays recall forgotten industries such as ice fishing and granite quarrying, as well as earlier methods and means of livelihood—fishing, lumbering, agriculture, and shipbuilding—that have made Maine world





Flying Clippers—An exhibition of Maine-made sleds and baby sleighs at the Maine State Museum should be of special interest to folks from the Oxford Hills, whose ancestors may have made some of these elegant and rare sleds while working at Paris Mfg. Corp. in South Paris. In 1905 alone, 125,000 sleds were made there (see **BitterSweet** Dec. 1978 for "Paris Manufacturing: A Dream of Iron Runners"). Frame sleds, cutters, clippers and pungs; kick sleds introduced by Finns; dog sleds used by Peary & MacMillan—all are beautifully displayed, kindling warm memories of cold winters and saltless roads.

For you to see are: Sleds that cost \$5.00 a dozen (wholesale, 1894); "The best and most elegant frame sled available"—**Snow Fairy** made from 1890-1920 with handpainted "tops so finely decorated that we have much demand for them as household ornaments"; and cutters—another model made in the late 18- and early 1900's of which an early catalog notes, "this pattern has had the largest sale, and been the most extensively copied by all other manufacturers of any frame sled ever made." The catalog went on to reassure the buyer that "no pains will be spared to keep it well ahead of all its numerous imitations."

The exhibition will be open through April. It's a great way to slide into the past.

D.E.G. □

renown and that have grown with the state.

A special exhibit, *Flying Yankee*, will be shown through April and traces the history of Maine-made sleds.

Archeology, the Maine environment, and Shaker furniture are just a few of the other exhibits in the museum's permanent collection. In addition to the three floors of display area, the museum, library and archives provide additional services. Teachers may borrow educational programs from the museum for use in their own classrooms. A talking book and large print book service are available (**BitterSweet** also has "talking magazines" available for the sight-impaired. See page 23.) And most everyone who has ever attended school in rural Maine already knows about the bookmobile.

Hours are: 9:00 - 5:00 Mon.-Fri.; 10:00 - 4:00 Sat. & 1:00 - 4:00 Sun. Strollers and wheelchairs are available in the lobby. If you want to call first, the phone number is (207) 289-2301. So why not head out to Augusta? We think you'll be surprised, pleased, and proud of your State Museum. □

IMPORTANT: SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

Beginning with the January 1981 issue, all subscriptions will be \$8.00 for one year. Subscriptions for 1981 sent to us previously with last year's price of \$9.00 will include one extra issue. **THE PRICE IS GOING DOWN!** There will be ten issues per year: March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November (@ 75¢) and one double issue for the winter months. Subscriptions from 1980 will end at their regular time, regardless of previous communications. The new publisher's policy will be one year for subscription. If you have any questions about your subscription, please call Nancy Marcotte Tues.-Fri. at 743-2243.

Please address all subscriptions with payment of \$8.00 enclosed (\$10.00 for all foreign or Canadian addresses) **in writing** to P. O. Box 6, Norway, ME 04268. In the next few months you will find a date on your mailing label. That will be the date your subscription ends. A renewal reminder card will be sent to you sometime before your subscription runs out.

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BitterSweet

The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region



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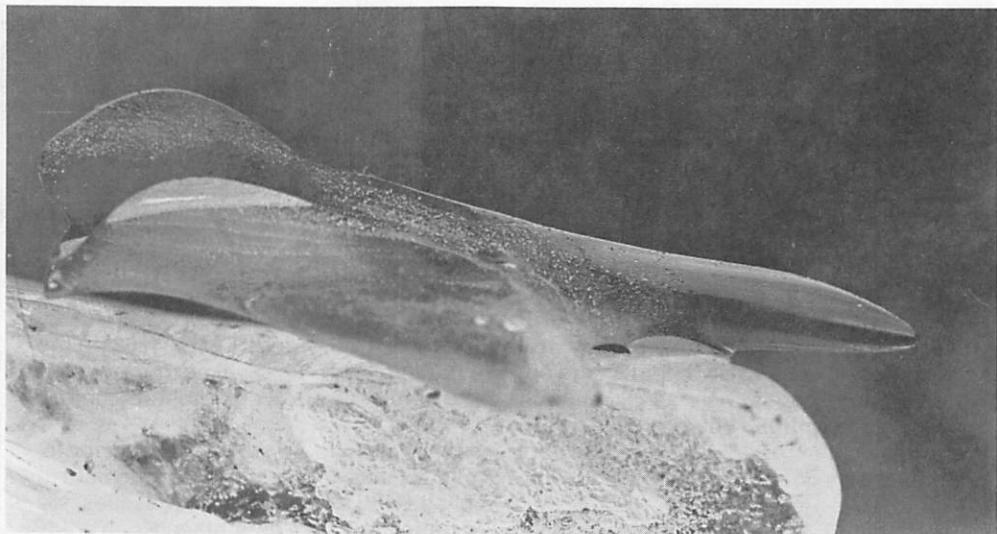
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ICE FORMATIONS



WINTER

Winter works a short day.

It is the January sun struggling to rise over the ocean's rim, tinging grey scowling clouds with pale blue edges.

It is lobster boats creaking at anchor, searching in vain to see their reflections in the dockside ice as gulls wheel overhead.

In the country, winter is frost-blighted flowers, shuddering in a bitter wind and snow drifted heavy against a sagging snowfence.

It is the untouched expanse of a field knee-deep in snow, and cattle standing hump-backed in the shelter of a sunny barnyard.

It is screeching blue jays, the optimistic flitting of sparrows and a hungry hawk dive-bombing a terrified mouse.

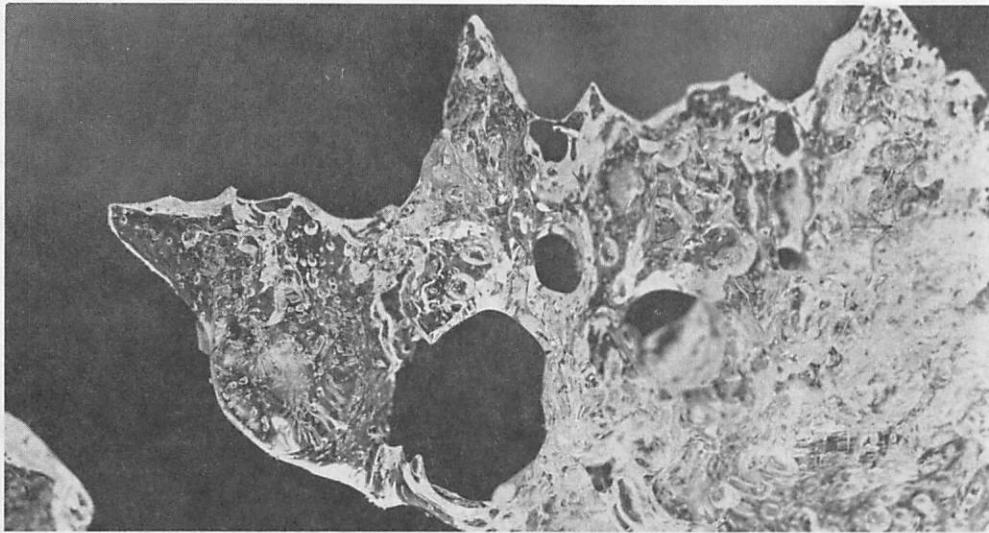
It is the tell-tale trail of a whitetail deer crossing a field.

Winter is a keening wind at midnight and glass-bottle ice glazing the highway.

It is stinging needles of sleet and hammer-fisted gale coating every twig with crystal at sunrise.

It is clamoring chickadees at a birdfeeder, and an icy-fingered man shoveling out a buried driveway.

It is wind-tossed hair, a fur-lined parka, toes hiding in fleece-lined boots and the nip of frostbite on tender flesh.



LANDSCAPE

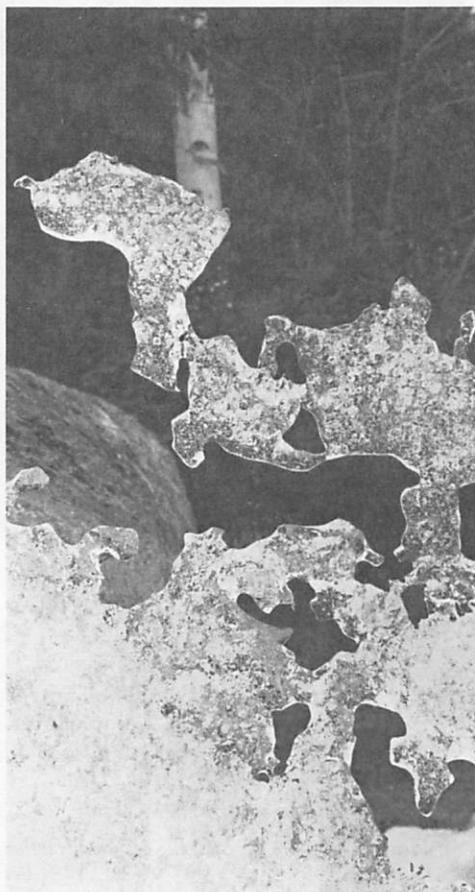
Winter is a thousand pairs of eyes gazing downward at a downhill ski race.
It is crowded buses filled with steaming sweaters, snow-bruised ankles, a broken leg.
It is kids throwing snowballs, rolling up a snow fort, and carving endless circles in the field with snowmachines.
It is kids sliding, falling, laughing and crying down breakneck slopes on sleds.
It is even the baby protesting against his straight-jacket snowsuit.

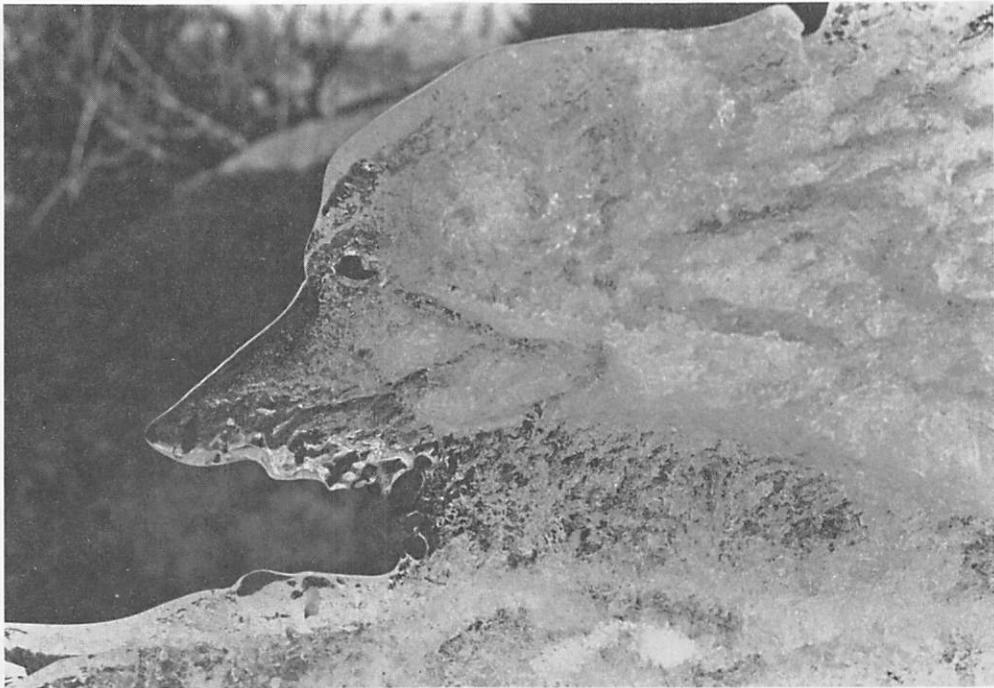
As this winter's day slips away, it is a pale sun giving up.
Suddenly it is a stillness, a crackle as slush freezes up.
For a time sunset cannot decide whether to stay or go.
In the west, a timid cloud steals the show, brightening the sunset before the quiet of evening settles down.
The sky changes from blue to gray to black. It leaves one listening . . . to silence.
Dusk is quick. The Evening Star struggles through the inky darkness.
Inside, the fireplace snaps a welcome, music sounds, an unseen voice touches the ear.

This is winter. □

Francena Goodine Canton

*Photo Essay
by Tom Stockwell*





FEBRUARY

Recollection of the soft
wind blowing,

Leaves gently rustling
Upon the giant maples.

The globe of glowing orange
cools down from day to dusk
in the early hours.

Shall you see?

See that the close
Of every day brought us closer to this:

February nights with
the wind descending upon us.
Full moon.

Sub-zero temperatures
with yellow birch logs burning
their way to ashes in the old wood stove.

Or, the comfort of a Maine winter,
the fire and the struggle
to blend in and survive.

For Maine is a country in itself.

*Colleen Holland
West Peru*



Homemade

A Winter Tradition: Norwegian Baking

by Nancy Marcotte

For Arlen Riis Kehn, Home School Counselor at Oxford Hills Junior High, living in Norway is the most natural thing in the world. Her parents were born in Norway—not Maine, but in the towns of Kristiansand and Lillesand, southern Norway, Scandinavia.

A tall Norwegian blonde, she is the descendant of a seafaring family who came to America two generations ago. She was raised in a section of Brooklyn, New York, known as "Little Norway" because all of the neighbors shared the same national extraction and traditions.

Her present home on Pleasant Street is filled with the clean lines of Scandinavian wood furniture. One of her daughters, Andree, 15, lives there with Arlen and several aloof cats; another daughter, Tricia, is a student at Bates College. In their neat little kitchen they participate in the traditional Norwegian winter pastime of baking dessert delicacies with delightful names like *Krumkaker* and *Sand Bakkels*.

All are made with flour, butter, sugar, and eggs—delicately flavored with almond or cardamom. Some use antique cookie presses and tins, others are easily prepared on



The old Norwegian tools used for pressing and rolling Krumkaker batter

ordinary cookie sheets.

"But only in winter," Arlen stresses. "I tried making them in summer once but it was too damp and they were too soft." They need the dry heat of a winter kitchen to bake up with crisp tastiness. Stored in air-tight containers, they keep well for apres-ski and skating snacks on snowy days.

The Norwegians who emigrated to the United States were pleased to be able to use the fresh ingredients of these traditional recipes more freely. Fish and potatoes were the staple diet foods of Norway, as Arlen discovered on her visit there about ten years ago. She willingly shares with our readers these Norwegian recipes, which came from her mother, Lillian Riis.

Crullers

3 eggs
1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cardamom
3 cups flour (or more)
1 tsp. baking powder
2 tsp. cream
2 tsp. sour milk (or sweet milk mixed with vinegar)

Mix together eggs and sugar. Add liquid ingredients. Stir in sifted dry ingredients. Refrigerate dough for at least an hour (until stiff). Roll out into cruller shapes on a floured surface. Fry in lard or Spry shortening heated to 450°.

□

Krumkaker and Mandelstenger



Mandelstenger (Almond Sticks)

3 eggs
1 Tbsp. milk
1 c. sugar (granulated)
1 stick butter or margarine ($\frac{1}{4}$ lb.), melted
3 heaping cups flour (Arlen uses $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups)
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking powder
1 small Norwegian Tbsp. overflowing almond flavoring (Arlen uses $1\frac{1}{2}$ American Tbsp.)
Chopped almonds

Lightly grease cookie sheet. Preheat oven to 300-350°.

Mix eggs and sugar together. Add 1 Tbsp. milk. Stir in melted butter gradually and add almond flavoring. Mix together dry ingredients and stir into liquid ingredients.

Press into cookie sheet. Brush top with egg whites, milk or coffee. Bake until golden brown (about 20 min.). Cut immediately into bars.

Krumkaker

4 eggs
1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup melted butter or margarine
1 tsp. cardamom

Mix in enough flour to make a thick paste (approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups, sifted)

Mix together all ingredients. As it stands awhile, it thickens. Add a few drops of water from time to time to keep the batter workable. Arlen greases an antique cast-iron cookie press and pours the batter into the press, very thin. When it is baked on both sides, she rolls the "pancake" up with a wooden roller.



Arlen Kehn

Sand Bakkels (Tarts)

1 cup shortening or butter

1 cup sugar

1 egg, unbeaten

1 tsp. almond extract

2 1/2 cups flour

Cream shortening, add sugar and cream well. Add egg and almond extract, then enough flour to make a stiff dough. Pinch off a small ball of dough and place in a tart tin or muffin pan in the center. Press dough evenly across tin—as thin as possible. Place filled tins on cookie sheet. Bake at about 375° for 15 minutes or until golden brown. Cool before removing from tins. To remove, invert tin and tap gently. Finely chopped or ground almonds can be added to the dough, but less flour is required in that case. You may add any favorite tart filling. Wouldn't cheesecake or custard be delicious?

This last recipe is a dessert cake a little different from the others:

Cherry Dessert Cake

1 Tbsp. melted butter

1 c. sugar

1 beaten egg

1 c. nuts (chopped)

1 tsp. cinnamon

pinch of salt

1 tsp. soda

1 c. flour

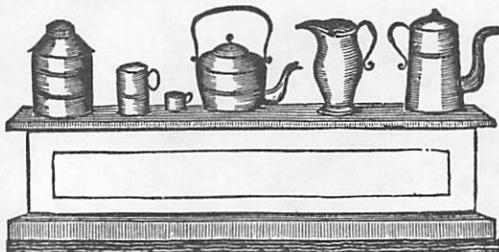
1 can sour cherries, drained (or 1 1/2 c. plums)
save juice for sauce.

Mix melted butter, sugar and beaten egg. Sift together dry ingredients and beat into liquids. Add chopped nuts and cherries. Bake in an oblong pan at 350° for 25 minutes. Cool. Serve with ice cream and sauce or whipped cream.

□

Recollections

MY GRANDMOTHER'S KITCHEN



In the 1920's when I used to visit her, my white-haired State-of-Maine grandmother presided over a square, sunny kitchen. It never seemed to bother her that the adjacent pantry had no window. When she washed dishes at the speckled soapstone sink there, she just glanced beyond the open door frame and through one of the kitchen windows at the view of rolling fields. There was no need to stare at the black wainscoated wall above the sink. Beauty could be glimpsed by turning her head.

The dishpan was filled with water heated on the black stove in a copper teakettle. And when the dishes were all washed, my grandmother emptied out the water and cleaned the sink with a piece of crumpled newspaper.

My job was to dry the dishes and arrange the plates and glasses upside down on the kitchen table in readiness for the next meal. Even though I circled the dishtowel very carefully over the pans, they were still placed on the back of the stove "to dry a little more." My grandmother wanted no rusty utensils.

She had cast iron spiders and muffin tins and also aluminum ones. When she was in a hurry to cook food she sometimes removed one of the covers from the stove and put the pans directly on the fire, so the aluminum ones were usually black on the bottom.

A large yellow bowl was kept in the pantry for storing waxed paper from bread wrappers and pieces of string. Sometimes my grandmother did make her own bread, but not all the time. However, she did bake every day. Brown sugar cookies rolled out and cut with a flour-dipped tumbler were

frequently served for breakfast. Sometimes we even had pie at that meal. There were desserts for lunch and supper, too. Quite often she made cream of tartar biscuits.

When my grandmother baked, she had no commercially made measuring equipment. In her tin sugar bucket she kept a beautiful gold-rimmed china cup handpainted with sprays of pink and blue flowers. It had belonged to her mother. My grandmother told me that if filled to the top it equalled exactly eight ounces and that it was so pretty she probably shouldn't be using it for cooking. Perhaps so, but would I remember it 50 years later if it had been stored in a cabinet? Remembrance relies on familiarity.

For a teaspoon or a tablespoon of something she used ordinary silver teaspoons or dessert spoons. Of course, some of her recipes called for "butter the size of a walnut" or a "pinch" of salt or nutmeg, for which she needed no measuring tools.

The bare kitchen floor was swept every day and sometimes I would see an oblong path of sparkling dust particles rising towards the sun. "If you were only as small as an elf," my grandmother would say, "you could climb on them right up to the sky."

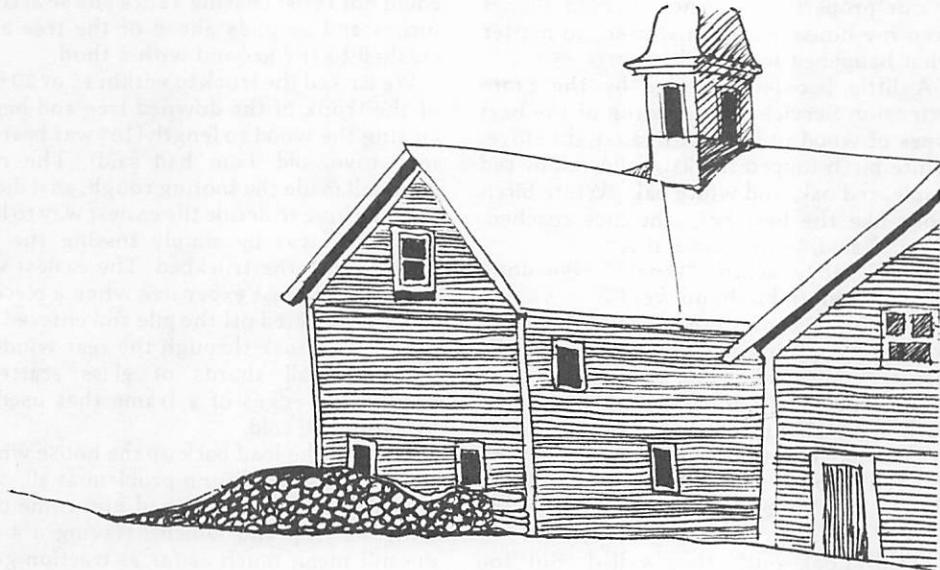
On frigid nights Jack Frost came and painted icy pictures on the windows. Mornings I marvelled at the delicate ferns and graceful plants he had drawn while I was asleep.

How fortunate I had been to visit that magical place that was my grandmother's kitchen!

□

Celia Puffer
Winchester, Mass.

Readers' Room



A Flatlander's Guide To Heating With Wood

by Jim Keil

"Wood heat is a great way to cut your heating bills," the ads say. "The ever-increasing cost of energy has put America into an energy crisis." . . . "This is a wood heating system built with computerized production techniques to give you up to 14 hours on a full load of wood, and the warmth it radiates can have you looking forward to winter's chill."

Right. Actually, I was looking forward to a chance to try the new wood stove on a cold winter's night. There's nothing better than the warm, radiant glow of a hot fire in a woodstove, and no better place to dry out the boots, mittens, wool socks, etc. than near a stove.

The crate was in the garage when I got home, with a little envelope taped to the side containing installation instructions. A small notation caught my eye: "Net wt. 450 lbs." "Four hundred fifty pounds?" I exclaimed to myself.

"That's what the three men who unloaded it said, Dad," my kids answered from the

corner of the garage, where they had gathered to watch me.

"How am I ever going to get this behemoth into the cellar?" I asked. "That's what the three men who unloaded it said, Dad," my three kids responded again.

"That's a lot of weight." "That's what the three men who unloaded it said, Dad."

"Is that all you know how to say?" I snapped.

"Well, as near as I can tell, there's two ways we can approach it," said old Tom, our neighbor, when he had agreed to help me move the stove. "We can either make a hole in the foundation, let's see, right about here . . . or, we could cut a hole through the floor, right about here . . ."

"Wait, Tom," I protested, "let's measure the thing again . . . Maybe we could winch it down the cellar stairs with your jeep outside the kitchen door."

"Y'know," he said, "that just might work." I wiped my brow with my handkerchief.

Well, with the woodstove at last in place and completely installed, I couldn't wait to get out into the woods to "work up" some firewood. I had a small woodlot on the back of our property, so I knew I could always keep my house warm in winter, no matter what happened to our oil imports.

A little booklet provided by the State Extension Service gave a listing of the best types of wood to burn in an air-tight stove. White birch topped the list, followed by red maple, red oak, and white oak. "White birch looks like the best bet," the kids coached. "Fine," I said, "white birch it is."

"Dad?" they asked. "What?" "We don't have any white birch, do we?"

"We don't?" I countered. "I don't think so. I don't see anything here that looks like the picture," they said.

"Are you sure? Let me see that picture . . . well, how about red maple or red oak?" "Yeah, Dad. I think I see one. Over here! Isn't this red maple?" "I don't know, uh, it looks like it. The leaves look the same as in the book."

"Dad! Look out!" they yelled. But too late—Dad had already fallen through the old wooden cover over the abandoned well, landing waist deep in slime, muck, and muddy water.

The dry clothes and different boots made me feel like a new man, once again ready to tackle the man-sized task of putting up firewood for the rapidly approaching winter. "Timberrrr!" I yelled, as a tree began its slow, gradual leaning in the direction of the guide cut; away from me and from the chainsaw I was holding.

The tree rocked once, then stood, tall and straight, directly over my chainsaw, locking the blade securely into the center of the trunk. "I thought you said 'Timberrrr!' Dad," my son yelled.

"I did! Now get back! She's ready to topple any minute." "Looks pretty darn solid to me," he said, leaning all his weight into the tree.

"I said get back! Quick, before it falls!" My words were drowned out by the sound of frantic barking. The dog had managed to escape from the house and had followed us out into the woods. A large branch fell off the tree I was working on and dropped right at the dog's feet. Not being one to avoid a chance to chase a stick, she stood, barking and pulling on the branches which were still attached to the swaying tree, which was now cut 98% through and beginning to drop.

Quick thinking by one of the kids, who threw a stick into the bushes beyond the tree, took advantage of the innate qualities of the dog. A Labrador/Shepherd mix, she could not resist chasing a stick and so arrived inches and seconds ahead of the tree as it crashed to the ground with a thud.

We backed the truck to within 15 or 20 feet of the trunk of the downed tree and began cutting the wood to length (16" was best for my stove, old Tom had said). The new snowfall made the footing rough, so it didn't take me long to decide the easiest way to load the truck was by simply tossing the cut lengths into the truckbed. The easiest way became the most expensive when a piece of wood ricocheted off the pile and entered the cab of the truck through the rear window, leaving small shards of glass scattered around the edges of a frame that used to keep out the cold.

Driving the load back up the house where it could be split was no problem at all, once we called old Tom and had him come over with his Jeep and winch. (Having a 4 x 4 doesn't mean much as far as traction goes, when each of the 4's is in mud up over the axle.)

"How'd you get in so deep?" Tom asked. The kids were quick to explain: "Oh, that's no problem at all, not when you sit there and spin and spin, the way Dad did." "Never mind," I said. "Here, hand me that piece of cable."

"I think it might pull better if you hook that cable around the axle," Tom said, looking over the rims of his glasses. "Now, come on, Tom. We may not know much in the flatlands, but one thing I do know is how to hook up a towline," I said, pulling myself up out of the mud under the front of the truck. "I'm ready when you are, Tom."

The winch whirred from the top of the hill. It took up the slack in the cable. Slowly, the truck rolled clear of the mire, then rocked abruptly back into the hole. "Look, Dad! That's our bumper up there!" the kids yelled from the seat beside me.

"I see it, I see it," I mumbled, as Tom's power winch pulled my yellow bumper clear of the mud and bounced it noisily to the top of the hill. "Might as well have that piece up here where we can get a hold of it. Gonna have to take it down to the garage, anyway," Tom explained, shrugging his shoulders in my direction. I could have sworn he winked at the kids over the top of those glasses of

his, but the giggling stopped when I looked in their direction.

"Splits the toughest of logs in seconds without ever getting stuck," the tag on my new wood splitter said. "What's this?" old Tom asked, holding it up to the light and sighting down the handle as if it were a new shotgun.

"That's my new log splitter, Tom. They say it will split any kind of log. See these little levers here?" "Ayah. I was looking at those." "That's what keeps it from getting stuck in the wood." "Ayah, that's what I thought . . . give it a try."

I raised the axe handle over my head, slowly taking aim on the wood standing upright and balanced on end in front of me. "I'll be right over here," Tom said, breaking my concentration for a second as he went around to the other side of the truck. "Oh, okay," I said, again taking aim.

"Thwack!" The splitter landed with a thudding force square on the mark. "Wow, Dad! Did you see that split piece take off?" my son asked, his mouth dropping open in awe as the piece of wood sailed over the truck and through the large dining room window with an ear-splitting crash.

Tom said, very slowly, "It don't seem as if that splitting maul would get stuck in much. Seemed to clear right through that piece of maple with no trouble at all." "Thanks a lot," I replied.

The acid test, the true test of how well the city boy had adjusted to life in the country came on that first cold morning when all the wood was cut, split, and stacked neatly in the cellar; the morning when I decided to start the first fire in the woodstove (the one the books say will last all winter if tended properly).

"How much kindling did you use?" old Tom asked, using his arm to clear a small path for us through the smoke. "Kindling? I just used lots of papers, and the wood. Remember, this is the stuff I bought from Charlie, and he said it was already seasoned . . . you could light it with a match."

Well, once old Tom got that stove going for us, we settled back into the routine of enjoying the radiant warmth promised in the ads; checking the fire occasionally (about every half hour, I soon learned); keeping the ash collector emptied; and carrying armloads of wood into the house and down the cellar stairs. That was where the warmth in a woodstove *really* came from. □

A Glossary of Woodburning Terms

Ashes - Name given to old woodfires. Usually come with a bucket for hauling.

BTU/hr. - Beers Turned Upward per hour of recuperating after a "woodsman's" first day in the woods.

Chainsaw - Self-powered portable saw, which operates on the same principle as the chain gang; that of hindering the escape of the worker.

Cord - those ligaments and tendons in shoulders, elbows, and necks, which become inflamed when splitting firewood.

Green - color of "woodsman" when seasoned, guaranteed, easy-to-burn wood is found to be dripping wet with sap, and won't even char, let alone burn.

Heat - That which is given off when oil furnace is turned up after seasoned firewood is found to be too green to burn.

Kindling - That which most first-time "woodsmen" do not realize is needed to start a fire.

Nail - Small cylinder of metal often driven into trees by prior generations of "woodsmen." Difficult to see, but can be located almost immediately with any chainsaw.

Out - Name given to woodfire started by inexperienced "woodsmen."

Savings - The difference between oil plus cordwood, woodstove, chainsaw, axe, splitting maul, bar oil, gasoline, four-wheel drive truck, donation to fire department for putting out the chimney fire, and oil alone, which would have belonged to "woodsman."

Sharp - What the chain on the chainsaw was, before encountering the nail.

Smoke - Name given to gas that is *always* present when there is a fire, which, in the hands of an inexperienced woodstove operator, is not always confined to within the woodstove.

Splitting Maul - Combination axe/sledge-hammer which can be permanently imbedded in any hardwood log, and which can be thrown into the fire along with the log.

Woodlot - Any amount of cordwood delivered to any suburban backyard.

Woodsman - Office-worker with airtight stove and woodlot. □

Jim Keil
Naples

Hill People

Fiction

by Pat White Gorrie

First time I saw Midge Jackson was at twenty-to-seven on a 30-below-zero mornin' when she got me out of bed, bangin' like blazes on my front door. Now, I'd never laid eyes on her before, but there she was, looking white and scared, her cheeks painted red with the cold and her eyes as big as saucers. She had a black cat stickin' out of the front of her coat, under her chin, and a great big dog waggin' its tail standin' behind her. Since I'd been up turnin' a wood bowl on my lathe 'til three a.m., I wasn't none too sharp; but she forced me to open my eyes in a hurry and my storm door at the same time.

"Ayah?" was about all I could ask her as she came in, and she blurted out something about her car and the hill and picture-takin' and the sunrise over the lake. Finally, after I shuffled around, stokin' the beechwood in the stove and puttin' the coffee on, I got the picture of what brought her here at that hour of a December morning. She was one of those shutter-bug nuts and she'd been takin' pictures of the lake that we both live on (only on different sides of the mountain) and she'd decided to try some shots from a different location. So she'd gotten up before dawn and the cat and dog insisted on comin' with her, and after a long time gettin' her car started, she'd ended up on Ivory Hill Road and had gotten out of the car to wait for the sun to come up, which it finally did. And she got her pictures from that angle where the old Stevens place is ready to fall down but the white birch and popple trees sort of frame the view real nice. Then she couldn't get her car back up the road she came down and she slid back eight times. It hadn't been sanded and she didn't have any grain sacks or anything in the back of her car like anybody up here would have sense enough to know to do. So then she realized the only way to get out of there was to turn the car around and slide three miles down Cobbs Hill Road on solid ice. Nobody touches that road in the winter 'cause nobody lives up there in the winter. She managed to steer okay 'til she got down to the drop-off where the road dips like a roller coaster and zooms straight down to the brook at the bottom.

She sat there at my pine table shiverin' and sippin' my coffee, which wasn't the world's best but at least it was hot, and she said she'd never been so scared in all her life. She just knew she'd be killed if she couldn't stop that car, 'cause she never could have controlled it on that steep hill. She figured she'd end up overturned in the frozen brook and she and the dog and the cat would never be found 'til the spring thaw.

I guess I must have looked stupefied and grizzly, bein' unshaven and the sleep not yet out of my eyes and thinkin' to myself what darn fool romantics these out-a-staters are and how they have about as much common sense as a two-year-old, no matter what smart jobs they might have had back in the big cities.



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Anyway, to end that part of it, I got on the CB and got the sand truck to come out and I followed it a mile up the hill she had walked down with her dog and cat. I didn't wonder she'd been scared to death worryin' the car would sneak down after her and run her over—it was that steep. I drove it down for her and felt a little worried when she got in to drive herself home because she was still awful shaky, but finally I put the whole thing and her, too, out of my mind.

It was about a month after that when she showed up again. This time I was already up and presentable. She asked me if I had some tools she could borrow. She looked embarrassed and agitated, but determined at the same time, and I got it out of her that the plumbing hadn't been working right ever since she'd moved into that old camp, but of course the owner had never pointed out any potential problems to her ahead of time. She'd already had the plumber out three times and said she wasn't going to spend another five cents if she could get the thing working herself.

Well, I told her I'd be glad to take a look myself and she got into a kind of an argument with me in which she got across the point that she was perfectly capable of taking care of the problem herself and there was no need for me to trouble myself; all she wanted was the loan of my snake, if I had one, which I did, and which I obliging loaned to her to fiddle with as best she could. Then she tore off in the car, spinning her wheels on my ice patch.

She brought the snake back to me a week later, in the afternoon. She seemed a little less huffy, but I didn't know whether to invite her to a cup of coffee or not, since I couldn't quite figure her out. The mere fact that she was up here alone and didn't know beans about living in the country made her seem sort of strange and different to me. But she came in and started asking me questions about whether or not my plumbing always worked and whether or not I thought perhaps there was something wrong with her leach field, and what in the world would she do if it *was* the leach field because she didn't have \$2,000 to have a new one dug up and, anyway, the ground was frozen solid and covered with snow and she wished she had an outhouse, it would be a lot simpler, but how could people stand to use an outhouse when it was freezing cold outside?

And on and on she went until, without

realizing it, I had the coffee out and some of my oatmeal bread, which isn't bad, if I do say so myself, and I slathered it with butter and some of my own strawberry jam and she did the same thing. She said she was surprised a man could bake such good bread and then she got back on the subject of her plumbing problems.

"I swear, if I ever go back home, I'm going to spend a week just flushing toilets! And running baths!"

Seems like the thing she missed most about the city wasn't art galleries or movies but water pressure bursting full blast out of a faucet or flushing down a toilet bowl. I'm telling you, it was all I could do to keep my grin to myself, 'cause she was dead serious. Pretty cute, too, at that.

Occasionally after that I saw her ridin' by and she'd wave, and one day she brought me an old and rare, but pretty beat-up steeple clock that she'd picked up in a thrift shop and wanted refinished. She showed me her snapshots, too—the ones of the lake taken on freezing mornings and through a snowstorm and after a rain. They were pretty good; even better than the ones on postcards in the general store. She sure was hung up on that lake. I guess it was 'cause she'd spent most of her life around concrete. It came out that she'd had a pretty excitin' life and a good job, but she said she'd always wanted to live where she could see a lot of sky and trees but she was a Pisces and knew she had to be on the water too, so here she was. She'd found the little cabin through a farm agency catalogue and it was just the right size and even had its own brook and woods and enough clear ground for a garden.

So I started thinkin' of her as Midge instead of just that crazy woman over the hill, and one day her male dog wandered over to visit my female dog and he stayed three days. So finally I figured she might be worried about him and think he was shot by the dog warden or something, so I got him into my pickup and took him over to her place.

I could smell bread baking and meat and onions cookin' when I got out of the truck, but she didn't answer the door so I walked around the back of the house over the snow which was packed down pretty good into a kind of a path. The cellar door was open so I called down and thought I heard some kind of an answer. I let myself down the steps,

which I thought should be fixed 'cause they were awful steep and rickety and one was broken; I made a mental note to offer to do it for her come spring.

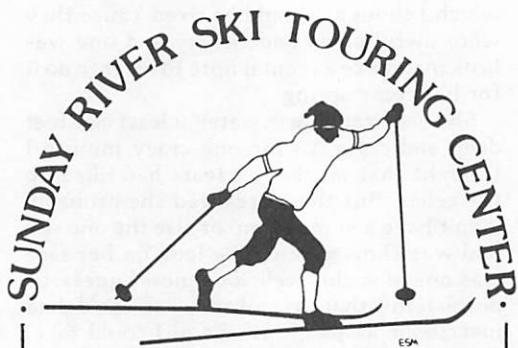
She was standing in water at least two feet deep and cryin' so for one crazy minute I thought that maybe her tears had filled up the cellar. But then I realized she probably didn't have a sump pump or else the one she had was shorted out. The look on her face was one of such—well, loneliness I guess, or desolation—that it looked as if she'd had just about as much as one girl could take. Apples were floating around her and she was holding a soggy book and everything was a real wet mess.

We dried off up in the kitchen and I offered to pick up a sump pump to handle the snow melting and the water from the heavy rains. I offered to put it in so she wouldn't have to pay so much to a plumber. But she just kind of sat at the table with her shoulders a little slumped and tired-looking. When the bread browned on top she got up automatically and took it out and put it on the table. She said it had wheat germ and honey in it but it wasn't as good as mine.

I looked around her place and it made me feel that she'd put a lot of cheerfulness into it with different stuff she had hangin' on the walls and sittin' on the wooden furniture—pottery and dried flowers and plants that were bloomin' away on the windows even though it was still winter though comin' on spring. But I felt sorry for her. She was tryin' to make it and she wasn't doin' so good.

The dog curled up by the woodstove, which I noticed was gettin' pretty cold, so I built her a good fire and then she asked me if I wanted to stay and have some of the vegetable-beef-and-barley soup that smelled so good, because she'd made enough for a small army. I told her I'd appreciate it since I wasn't too hot at makin' soup myself. She was glad I'd brought back the dog because she'd been worried about him but was scared to call the dog catcher for fear of what he'd say.

I couldn't seem to shake the sadness out of her, even when I praised her cookin' and played with the dog and cat a little. I noticed she had a phonograph so I asked her if she had any bluegrass but she said no, she hadn't gotten into country music yet, but she played somethin' called *The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face* and when I said the words were real pretty, she wrote them down for me.



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I guess it was then I really looked at her, while she was writin' down those words there by the woodstove, sittin' on the soft old sofa. She was lookin' more relaxed and her cheeks were flushed a pretty color—sort of salmon pink, and I noticed she had a nice mouth, sort of full and soft lookin'. I could smell the frozen apple pie which was thawin' out in the oven and I sort of felt I was warmin' up too, just like the pie. It seemed sort of natural to reach an arm around her, so I did.

She looked up at me for a minute with her eyes sort of big and startled-lookin', like they were the first time I saw her at twenty-to-seven that real cold mornin'. Then she just put her head on my shoulder and I held her in a sort of comfortin' way until we realized the piecrust was startin' to burn.

Midge is stayin' with me now and while I work in the woodshop at my refinishing and cabinet-making, she's off takin' pictures and talkin' to the natives so she can write stories about them. Everything tickles her fancy: raw milk, fresh eggs, old cemeteries, even old drunks. Never knew anybody so high on life.

I asked her the other night how come she married me on such short notice. You know what she said?

"I guess I just couldn't resist your plumbing."

Besides which, she also likes my oatmeal bread. □

Pat White Gorrie is a reporter for the Advertiser-Democrat and lives in Oxford with her sons.

The way prices are going
the bread I knead
is inflated
before the rising.

JoAnne Kerr
Weld

SHATTERING

Shattering—
A gust of wind
Sends crystal ice,
Like chandeliers,
Crashing
Upon the frozen snow

Jack C. Barnes
Brookfield Farm
Hiram

Folk Tales

Getting Clean at Dave's (and Nancy's)

Sauna

by Nancy Marcotte



Nancy and Dave Graiver

About the middle of a weekday afternoon, people begin to arrive at the door. On weekends, opening time is frequently ten or eleven in the morning. For Nancy and Dave Graiver of Dave's Sauna in South Paris, the gathering crowds are part of everyday life. Friends and strangers alike, they come to take a sauna bath at the Graivers'. They know they will find warmth, peppermint soap, clean towels, shampoo, loofa sponges, and back scrubbers, as well as a pool table, a television and some easy conversation.

The Finnish steam bath originated as a way to get clean and make visitors feel relaxed and comfortable. It was a way of life for the Finns who settled in our part of

Maine, so they brought the tradition along with them.

Neither of the Graivers is a Finn, but many people have found their sauna to be a center of hospitality and health for several years now. For many cabin-dwellers in our rural area, the sojourn in a little room heated with a small wood stove, complete with heated rocks and hot water, is the only way to get really clean. For others it is a pleasant relaxation—particularly after skiing or hunting trips. Bathers frequently come on Friday night, winter or summer, to prepare for the weekend's activities, or on Sunday night to unwind for the week ahead. Dave's is never really closed—it's open every day

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from the time the first bather requests a fire until the last visitor leaves at night—often ten or eleven p.m.

For Nancy, Dave's smiling, vivacious blonde wife, that means coming home from her regular job as a secretary-receptionist to evenings of folding towels from the approximately 90 loads of wash done each week. For the casual, bearded Dave, that means working early in the day on the 3 cords of wood which he burns weekly in the winter (1½ in the summer). It also means stoking a lot of fires, cleaning a lot of little hot rooms, talking to a lot of people, and doing a lot of running around.

Both seem to thrive on the activity, however. They seldom leave the sauna to go anywhere else to visit.

"It's like having all your friends stop by," says Nancy Graiver. "They come here to talk, or for advice. They know I'm always looking for someone to play a game of backgammon with. Even if we're too busy, there's someone to talk to here."

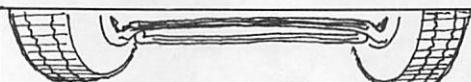
Customers are apt to pitch in to fold towels or stay to watch the football game on T.V. "It's comfortable and homey here," Nancy says. "It looks lived-in."

Plants fill the room—thriving on the humidity. People can buy cider or a soft drink, spend a reasonable amount of time in one of the eleven hot rooms (as hot as they wish), or sit in a comfortable chair, sipping spring water and enjoying themselves.

Of course, ski-time is their busiest season, but people even sauna in summer. The pleasant pine-panelled cement block building stays comfortable any time of year. People can even get married if they're so inclined—Nancy is a Justice of the Peace. She says many have come in for a package deal: marriage first, sauna after, in the best Finnish tradition.

In Scandinavia, the sauna was the center of the household. Guests were always invited in, for cleanliness, for worship, for celebrations, even for the birthing of babies. No one has yet tried that last tradition, but there is a new baby at Dave's: the Graivers' six-month-old infant, William. Rosy-

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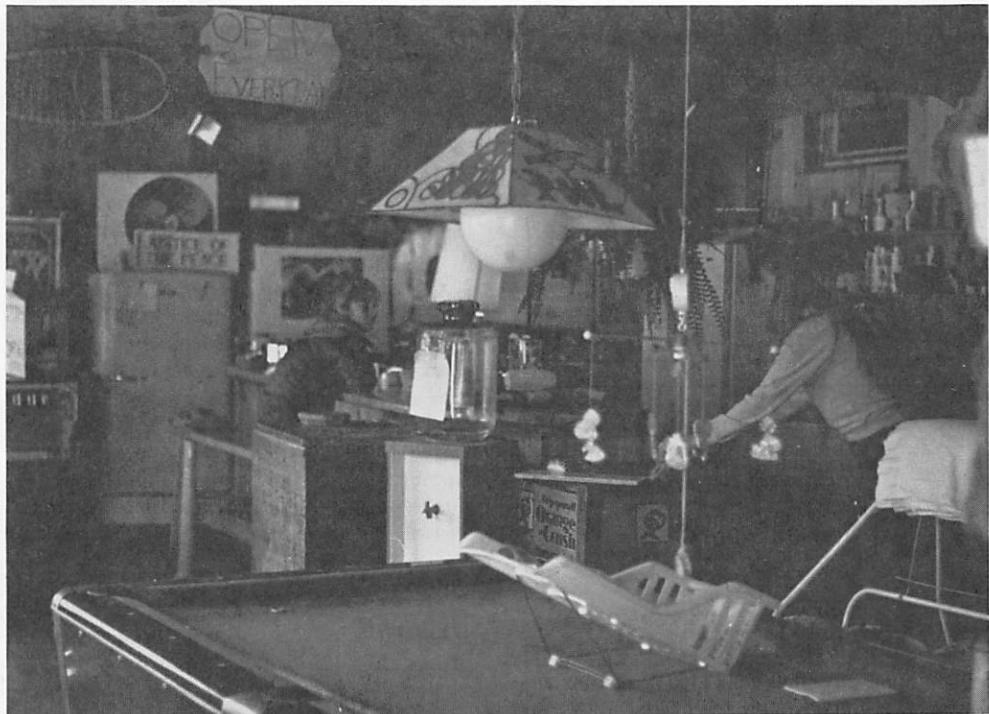
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The interior of Dave's Sauna

cheeked, smiling, and amazingly contented, baby William also likes life at the sauna. He gets a lot of attention from his parents and visitors alike.

"If he cries, he comes first," his mother says, "but he fits into our lifestyle perfectly." Loni, seven, Dave's son from a former marriage, also visits on vacations, holidays, and all summer long. He's his father's assistant.

Dave bought his business in 1976. He was living in North Norway at the time and trying to decide how best to become self-sufficient. He figured it was either the sauna or a trip west to begin homesteading.

Nancy believes the success of Dave's sauna comes from the homey atmosphere, the service they give, and Dave's qualities of getting to know people. "He's a talker," she says. "He likes to sit and relax and find out about his customers. He says it's like having hundreds of guests."

Dave credits Nancy's smiling welcome and warm caring for a good deal of the success. She was raised in South Waterford, the daughter of "Christmas Tree Eddie" Emerson and Joan Everett Marr.

The Graivers' clientele is largely couples and families—regular customers. Quite a few single young men find the sauna essential to their week, too.

"Every holiday, we're the first to see people," Nancy says. "They come to the sauna first, then go out and see their friends." People come from all over New England just to visit Dave's. A couple of women from Cape Cod even make semi-regular weekend trips up to Maine and spend the night in a motel just for the privilege of making two forays to the sauna.

Why is the sauna such an enticing place? Advocates say it's invigorating and relaxing at the same time. It opens the pores and cleans toxic wastes out of the skin. It certainly starts the blood flowing and makes one feel healthy and good. There is the option of very dry heat or, by pouring water over hot rocks, steam heat.

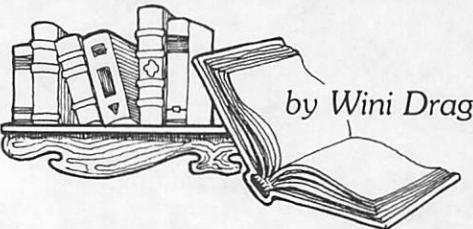
Dick Kennagh, the original owner of Dave's Sauna, is still their most frequent customer. But he is far from alone. The lure of comforting cleanliness and cameraderie brings many people back to the sauna time and time again. □

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Just Off The Shelf



by Wini Drag

This month's book review is a bit different in that the book cannot be found either on the shelf of the local bookstore or hidden away in a box at a used bookshop. The only copy I know of is at the Norway Memorial Library. Hopefully, the rise in recent years of preserving local history may result in the reprinting of this book which contains much information not only of Norway but of the surrounding region as well.

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A Distinguished Son of Norway

Dealing in old, out-of-print books, as well as the general run-of-the-mill ones, I have occasionally been attracted to a literary treasure hidden in a small, obscure volume.

This type of book is most likely published in only one edition, often at the expense of the author who feels he has something to say to the world or perhaps just to his friends.

Into this category I would assign the journal or diary which sometimes finds its way into print after the death of the author. One such book, whose long title belies its mere fifty pages, is Ezra F. Beal, Norway, Maine - His Journal of Local Happenings, Covering the Period from June 16, 1850 to January 5, 1862.

Anyone interested in historical tidbits—of people or events—will find this journal, edited by Don C. Seitz and published serially by the Norway Advertiser in 1926, a delight to read.

Ezra Fluent Beal was a builder and contractor. His position with the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad (later the Grand Trunk) involved building a track and buildings and settling claims against the railroad. For this he was paid \$1200 a year. While this was his main occupation, he also owned a grist mill, a saw mill, a shingle mill, and a farm. His sons, George and Webster, assisted by hired help, operated the farm and mills. Beal devoted much of his time to his church—the Universalist Society of Norway—and to his native town.

In the History of Norway, William Lapham described Beal in glowing terms: "Few citizens of Norway whether native-born or otherwise ever took a deeper interest in the welfare and prosperity of the town . . . to him there was no place like Norway . . . a mechanic by profession, an architect and builder of marked ability, he devoted his talent and much of his time to the building up and embellishment of the village."

Active in both local and statewide politics, Beal sided with the temperance group. One entry states vehemently, "Rum is easily got at and is doing its work of destruction among us."

Beal was one of the founders and the second president of Norway Savings Bank, the oldest bank in Oxford County. He was also founder and active leader of the Oxford County Agricultural Society. (It seems county fairs haven't changed drastically since his day; Beal's journal records on October 10, 1858, "There were 5,000 to 6,000 people in attendance at the fairgrounds.")

An entry in Beal's journal on April 11, 1858: "Yesterday 210 horsemen rode to South Paris as an offset to 194 that came from South Paris last Tuesday."

Church life was active, too. The women of the Universalist Society held three fairs a year. Acknowledging the industrious women, Beal notes that at one function they cleared \$165.

What else did people do back then? Beal mentions "a party of 1700 from Buckfield, Oxford, and Minot went to Portland (by rail) on a picnic."

Beal records the weather and its effects on the crops including the amount of snowfall (measured by its depth in the woods), sleighing conditions, business matters, visiting ministers, deaths, and who came calling. On February 11, 1852, he writes, "The coldest winter since 1800 . . . snow very deep" and on August 20, 1854, "No rain to wet the ground since last May."

Some entries leave the reader curious and wondering what happened. For example, one Jane Bullin, who was accused of stealing jewels from a Norway woman, was

"supposed to have made away with herself. It is rumored that she bought poison at the apothecary." Or this entry on April 11, 1858, "Yesterday 210 horsemen rode to South Paris as an offset to 194 that came from South Paris last Tuesday." No other clues as to why!

It's no surprise that he built the Beal Hotel on Main Street, after one reads the numerous entries about guests who "staid" at his home over the years. He also built the Falmouth Hotel in Portland.

An important historical note is recorded in this entry on February 4, 1855: "There is a move to get the County Building removed from Paris Hill and a few neighbors met at Benj. Tucker's shop to consult on the best mode to proceed to bring it about." Later, after a meeting in Augusta, Beal states simply, "Nothing can at present be done."

Of interest to the genealogy seekers are the many familiar names mentioned—Hall, Hobbs, Denison, Millett, Pike, Cole, Whitman, Danforth, Cummings, Rust, Kimball, and Noyes, among others.

The edited journal, which covers Beal's most active years, is fascinating reading. I recommend it strongly as entertainment on a cold winter evening. □

Wini Drag owns *The Haunted Bookshop* on Paris Hill. She is a free-lance writer and substitute teacher with two children, Teresa and Peter.

WINTER HOUSE

Cold blows winter wind
against summer's swollen seams.
The house protests within and without
drying and shrinking from artificial heat.
Boards retreat from windows, doors
spill drafts to barren foundations
where dense dirt stiffens.
Warped wood chinks as frost
thrusts deeper, deeper
to forgotten pipes, anesthetizing,
expanding their liquid measure,
bursting the temporal solder.
Rigid, frigid, exposed
the shelter separates
crazed by needs denied.

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Rumford

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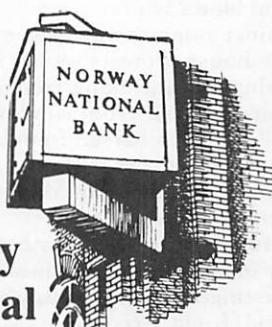
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Many stories have been told about Hiram's profane brothers, Jim and Will. But the most amazing tale concerns the time when they set themselves up as carpenters.

They contracted to shingle a large vacant house, located in a remote section of the town. Shortly after they began operations, Jim assumed full command. Nothing that Will did escaped criticism expressed in Jim's loud and vitriolic manner.

Will endured in silence but when the noon hour drew near he descended the ladder ostensibly for more shingles.

He called up to Jim: "One question, Mr. Sargent, have my services so far been satisfactory?"

After a short interval Jim's reply came back: "Well, I guess so."

Will replied, "Well, then, by God, I'm going home." He pulled down the ladder, leaving Jim marooned on the roof, and departed.

The height was too great for safe jumping and continuous and loud shouting produced no assistance.

As darkness approached Jim became desperate. Using his keen-edged shingling hatchet, he cut a hole in the roof, through which he dropped down into the attic and made his escape via a downstairs window.

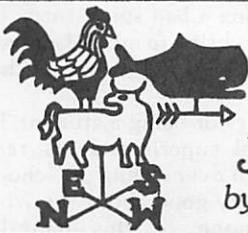
What happened when next the two brothers met is known only to them, but the following day they returned to the house, patched up their differences—along with the hole in the roof—and completed the job. □

Raymond Cotton
Hiram

THE HARD FACT

I think I'm padded amply
In my derriere,
Until I have to sit a while
Upon a wooden chair.

T. Jewell Collins
N. Waterford



Jay's Journal by Jay Burns

WINTER

Winter. As in "dead of winter," "winter snowstorm," and "hard winter." We are in the middle of winter—there's no looking back and it's awfully tough to look ahead. So here we are, stuck in the middle of miserable old winter with nothing to do but stare out the window and examine the snow.

Ah, snow. Isn't that what we wait eight months for? Isn't that what we long and pine for all summer long? Isn't snow what we crave on those nauseatingly warm summer days? Of course. Everyone loves snow. And most of all, everyone certainly loves a snowstorm.

Even if one really doesn't love or crave snow, he probably secretly loves the snowstorm. The snowstorm locks us in our houses and tells us to stay put, not to worry about the rest of the world, and to enjoy the simple pleasures of hanging around the house with nothing to do.

Poets and writers usually love a snowstorm, too. They can find a symbolic message in the fury and wrath that cancels our normal, everyday activities. They love to ponder the reasons for a fierce storm, whether they be scientific or not.

My favorite "snowstorm poem" is *The Snow Storm* by Ralph Waldo Emerson. But, as is the case with many nineteenth century poems, this has lost some of its meaning. Our society speeds a little faster than Emerson's. It seems that Emerson needs a twentieth century update as some of his comments require a modern interpretation:

The Snow Storm

*Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.*

Now, take the first line: "Announced by all the trumpets of the sky . . ." In our age the trumpets of the sky have become the trumpets of the airwaves: Joe Cupo on WCSH-TV, Art Horn and Wayne Mahar on WGAN, Lou McNally on radio station WBLM, the entire National Weather Service. They race to make sure that we know a storm is bearing down on us before the real trumpets—the wind and snow—let us know.

Other important trumpets are those harassed morning disc jockeys on the local airwaves. Their theme is "please don't tie up the lines with your calls, we'll announce the no-school messages as they come in." These half-crazed public servants must be able to decipher S.A.D. #17 from Union #29, Hiram public schools from Hiram Center public schools, and they must know if the Henny Penny Nursery School will conduct afternoon sessions.

Emerson says the snow arrives, "and, driving o'er the fields / Seems nowhere to alight . . ." If only Emerson were right. Unfortunately, the snow alights in far too many places. My house is an old house and the windows and doors welcome the outside air with reckless abandon. The morning after a snowstorm I find tiny drifts of snow on the window sills of my bedroom. In the kitchen a line of snow appears pointing to a crack in the door. The snow alights, all right.

Emerson says that "the whited air / Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven / And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end." Emerson is right—the snow obscures objects, and it's a fierce snowstorm if it hides the hills and woods and veils the farmhouse.

We all have ways to tell how hard it is snowing. My way during the daytime is to see if the snow obscures Rice Hill—a small ridge about three-quarters of a mile away which I can normally see from the kitchen window. At night I know it's snowing pretty hard if the snow obscures the light from a streetlight at the base of the hill on Route 35. When I happen to be caught driving in a snowstorm, I count the number of telephone poles I can see in the distance. If I can't see four, I know I'm in trouble.

Emerson continues: "The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet / Delayed, all friends shut out . . ." This statement is no longer as true as it once was. With all the time and money spent on keeping the roads clear of snow, travel is still

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possible even during a bad snowstorm. But this statement does bring to mind the hoped-for wish of any school kid—the no-school day.

After many years of being a student, I've found that school superintendents really don't agonize much over calling off school. I mean, they're pretty good about the whole thing. There's none of this dauntless mailman attitude: "neither rain nor snow" nor slippery roads shall keep the buses from their appointed rounds. If it snows hard, we don't have to go to school.

And even if it snows hard, "all friends" are usually not shut out. Anytime school is called off, my father (who is a teacher), my brother, several friends, and I can shut ourselves in the house and play game after game of fierce and intense Monopoly!

Emerson ends with "the housemates sit / Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed / In a tumultuous privacy of storm." The fireplace is replaced by an airtight Norwegian box stove, the housemates may be joined by a couple of friends, but the tumultuous privacy of storm hasn't changed since the nineteenth century.

No one is going to call you on the phone and demand your free time. No one is going to wheel into your driveway and ruin your afternoon. The snowstorm demands that you isolate yourself from the outside world. Despite any modern insights, Emerson's words ring true in today's accelerated world.

Jay Burns is a regular columnist with **BitterSweet**. A student at Oxford Hills High School, he is Waterford's weather observer for WCSH-TV.

WINTER ADVENT

The windless night
trees creak, snap
Webb unites with Weld
in their exclusive
cold, kept pact.
Moonlight satin sheet
slowly glides across
lake and town
toward Tumbledown
with the news.

JoAnne Zywna Kerr
Rumford

Goings On

A Few Dogs In February

The sun rises sleepily in the east, fingers of orange licking gently over the horizon, the smell of morning woodstoves stirring pungently to life. In the village, a few people begin to shuffle awake, still drowsy but beginning to move with an assured sense of urgency. The sunlight of the new dawn begins to play shadows on the White Mountains, rising majestically out of the north end of the valley, the snow-capped peaks reflecting gloriously off the ice; now frozen solidly, nearly two feet thick over the top of Long Lake.

The laziness of the early morning dawn works slowly out of the bones. There is much yet to be done, for today begins the festivity of sled dog racing on Long Lake in Naples, Maine.

The village springs to life as trucks, with dog sleds prominently lashed to their tops, begin pulling into the staging area one after another, setting up in a sort of circular fashion. Chains are run out from the trucks or from the retaining walls around the lake, the handlers remove their dogs from the travelling quarters on the backs of the trucks and tie them up. They all begin to bark with the anticipation of the races soon to follow.

One by one, whole teams stand in harness, moaning, baying, yelping their excitement to all within earshot. The handlers and drivers turn their attention to the sleds. Leads must be untangled. Harnesses must be tied off.

The volunteer fire department arrives in force. Bright, shiny red trucks, clean and polished, turn down the runway to the ice. The food wagon, owned and operated by the firemen, leads the way and is welcomed by those who wait in the chill of early morning. Coffers filled with oven-hot muffins, great cauldrons of hot coffee and chocolate send aromatic vapors wafting out the take-out window of the truck. Bright red hot dogs are already steaming for the lunch crowd.

Residents of the village, with a large contingent of excited children, are scurrying around the track—attending to last minute details, grooming the ice, putting start and finish banners in place, helping to get the

sound wagon ready for the first race, roping off areas for spectators.

On a specially cleared section of the ice, a whistle sends a shrill blast into the February air, signalling the start of the fireman's broom competition. Played in full fire-fighting gear of boots, helmets, and white-striped black knee-length coats, the face-off begins over a small sponge soccer ball. With an enthusiastic scramble for the ball and many falls (some hardly noticeable, others spectacular) the firemen fight to win the "Broomley Cup"—a silver trophy awarded to the year's winning team and kept at the winning fire station until the following year's competition.

Near the end of the two-day celebration (which also includes competitive ice-sculpturing and the crowning of a queen to reign over all activities) there is an old-fashioned community supper in the fire barn. The children show signs of fatigue setting in, but cheeks are pink from two full days in the bright February sunshine and fresh air and eyes are aglow with the realization that they have partaken in a mid-winter weekend in the best tradition of New England.

Writer James Keil of Naples sent this account of a previous year's Long Lake Festivity, as well as an announcement of the 1980 celebration:

The Southern Maine Championship Sled Dog Races Feb. 7 & 8, 1980

Races will run at Naples every three minutes all day Sat. & Sun. starting at 10 a.m. and ending at 5 p.m. "Broomley Cup" competition runs concurrently, along with cross country skiing (both kids & adults). They expect to have a hot air balloon for rides and plenty of food. (Last year they had 47 entries in the sled dog races, from all over the Northeast and Canada, and about 10,000 in attendance.)

Goings On

ART

Clark Fitzgerald, Sculptor: The Rumford Public Library with support of the Maine State Commission on the Arts and Humanities, will present a lecture-demonstration on the sculptural/artistic process on Sat. Jan. 10 from 1-3 p.m. in the Public Room. The sculptor, who works in bronze, steel, brass, wood, and fiberglass, will discuss the origin of his ideas and how they are translated into both figurative and abstract forms. Free.

David Walker, Poet: Rumford Public Library and the Maine State Commission on the Arts and Humanities will sponsor a lecture-demonstration on the poetic process and a reading of his own work on Sat. Mar. 7 from 1-3 p.m. in the Public Room. Free.

ETC.

Rural Housing Institute Film Series: Beginning in February 50 min. films on Conservation—Investing in Tomorrow; Web of Life—Endless Chain; and Don't Cut Us Off will be shown. The films, provided by the Department of Energy, are part of a continuing film/lecture series. Call Joan Lajoie at 743-7716 for more information and dates.

Co-operative Extension Service: Women of Extension will be meeting in February. Feb. 6, Mexico, Saving Energy With Textiles; Feb. 7, East Hebron, Natural Foods, Meatless Main Meals; Feb. 11, Canton, International, Africa; Feb. 11, Rumford (evening), International; Feb. 11, East Habron, Quilts; Feb. 12, Norway-Paris, CMP; Feb. 12, West Peru, Nursing Home-Casseroles; Feb. 12, Welchville-Otisfield, Meatless Meals & Vegetable Cookery; Feb. 13, South Paris (evening), Meatless Meals; Feb. 20, Newry, Nutrition; Feb. 20, Woodstock, Clothing & Suede Cloth. Contact the office at 743-6329 for more information.

Y.M.C.A. Schedule: Basketball on Sat. mornings for boys grades 4-6 at Oxford Hills High School, and girls grades 4-9 at Oxford Hills Junior High. Aquatics: Family Swims Sun. 6-7:30 p.m.; Aquacises Tues. & Thurs. 9-10 p.m.; Beginning Swimmer lessons, ages 6-10, Sat. 9:30-11 a.m.; Water Safety Instructor course for advanced life savers age 17 & over (phone the Y about this program). Pottery Course taught by Scott Currie on Tues. nights. Drawing course by Sam Albini on Thurs. nights. Continuing preschool Y-Play Mon., Weds. & Fri. 10-11:30 a.m. February Vacation Program being planned for school age kids. Coming up in the future: Thurs. afternoon film series as part of an after-school activities program, and competitions for the Gymnastics Team.



ANSWERS TO BRAINTEASERS:

XXII - Seven people, answered first by Meredith Thompson of Buckfield, and then by Christina Rowden of Bridgton.

XXIII - 125 spines on the hedgehog, won by Doris Hertel of Norway. Also answering were Sandra Roderick of Mechanic Falls, and Chris Hodgkins of Bryant Pond, who wrote: "I can't see both sides of your hedgehog but he has 125 spines. He must be a scrawny critter. Are you sure it's not a mouse?" Mary Perham wrote from West Paris to tell us her daughter Tricia concluded that 125 was right but that it could also be 341, 701, or 413—to which Pat Perry of North Waterford agreed. It looks as if the last in our series of Brainteasers is a toss-up. □

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